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Original Tales.

TRANSLATED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

THE BASHAW OF BUDA.

Founded on Fact.

CONCLUDED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRY FISCHOKKE.

BY DR. B. SCHOLL.

CHAPTER XIII.

Three happy weeks did the three friends live together. Oliver's love for Helen was changed to the tenderest friendship, she showed no weakness, and Cugny no jealousy.

Cugny's regiment was ordered to Hungary, and Helen was to be left at Vienna till the end of the campaign, and then to join her husband. Oliver, also, a few days after, was compelled to return to his duties, but he made every arrangement in his power, for the safety and comfort of his friend's wife.

It is well known in history that the Grand Vizier Achmet Kiuperli advanced towards the river Raul, that the Imperial General placed his camp opposite St. Gothard, and that *here*, on the first of August 1664, a decisive battle was fought, in which the Christians gained a complete victory over the Turks.

In this battle Oliver fought with his usual bravery and skill, the Turks made a murderous charge, the bravest and best of Oliver's comrades fell on all sides but he steadily pressed forward, and assisted greatly towards the favorable issue of the contest. He was now the senior Captain of his division, but in consequence of his signal services, the General-in-chief promoted him on the field of battle to the rank of Major.

Oliver's joy at the great victory, and his pleasure at being so honorably promoted was completely overcast by the sad news of the death of his beloved friend Cugny. He also had fought in this disastrous battle, and with tears and anguish, Oliver read the account of his untimely death. It appeared that in his order he had ventured too far in advance of his squadron, and soon found himself surrounded and overwhelmed by the Turks. When he saw that he was cut off from all hope of succor, he exhausted his means to cut their way through, and to land. He advanced first and began the slaughter, but only a few of his comrades, covered with wounds, succeeded in forcing their way back to the main army, the rest fell by the side of their brave captain. His body was recognised some few days afterwards, but very much disfigured, for he was nearly slashed to pieces.

Thus ended the life of the noble Cugny. Oliver became melancholy and wished to die, for life was hateful without his friend. In several succeeding battles he rushed recklessly into the thickest of the danger, but he remained still alive and unhurt, and the campaign ended too soon for him.

The regiments were sent into garrison, and Oliver went to Neuhausel. He could not, for a long time, bear to write to Helen, but he did at last, and in answer, she told him that the general Cologny had himself written to her, for he was sincerely attached to Cugny. Helen stated that she had been very ill, but was now slowly recovering and greatly desired to see him. She was alone, unfriended and melancholy, and had no one to comfort or console her.

As soon as Oliver could obtain a furlough he went to Vienna, and there they renewed their grief for the loss of Cugny. As her husband had left considerable property in Brussels, and as her position of her father's estate was there also, it was decided that she should go there and look into her affairs, and then join Oliver in Austria.

This change of scenes and occupation was very beneficial to poor Helen, and a year thus passed in activity before her affairs in the Netherlands were settled. Meantime, Oliver corresponded with her constantly, and all his old love for her returned, though he told her in every letter that his affection was merely that of friendship, the same that he felt for her when a little scathed at the quarry. But although he thus disclaimed all love, yet his letters breathed the most ardent passion, and Helen could not be deceived.

CHAPTER XIV.

She returned at length, and Oliver went as far as Lilz to meet her. Their first greetings and embraces were more passionate than they intended. Helen melted into tears while leaning upon him. "You are my only friend, all I have to comfort me," said she, "nothing is left but you, dear Oliver, I belong therefore to you entirely."

"And to whom else should you belong, Helen. I am, take you, without connexions, without a friend, I receive you, therefore, as the greatest blessing that Heaven could bestow."

He had prepared a comfortable apartment for her, and he surrounded her with all that affection could suggest. They both became more cheerful and happy, and felt that they were necessary to one another, but there was no disposition on the part of Helen to change their present relation.

Of this, however, Oliver became impatient. "Helen, if your heart, as you say, belongs to me on earth, give me likewise your hand, why should two persons be included as one-free, live separate!"

"Oh, Oliver," replied Helen, "why do you make this request! but since it is your wish, and will add to your happiness, I have no right to refuse, and I consent, therefore, to become your wife."

Though Oliver would have preferred a more flattering assent to his proposal, still it was as much as he dared to hope, and thus Helen became the wife of Oliver. They passed their life innocently and cheerfully, living almost wholly alone, for each hearts as theirs, subdued by repeated troubles and sorrows, had lost all relish for the multitude.

After living in this peaceful, affectionate way together for nineteen years, Helen died. Oliver who thought it impossible to live without her, exposed his life in the most wanton manner, and joined every little sally against the Turks with whom they were again at war. This imprudently and recklessness was observed by the troops, and they thought he bore a charmed life, for although all his comrades fell around him he alone escaped unhurt.

Vienna was saved at last from the Turkish power by the heroic valor of John Sobieski, King of Poland. The Turks fled to a fortress in Hungary, which they had strongly fortified; it was on the heights of the Danube, and still remained in their possession. The Osmanlis considered Buda as their bulwark against the christians of the west, and is was for this reason that it was so strongly garrisoned. The commander of the fort, Afti-Bashaw was one of their most enterprising and fortunate generals.

This Afti-Bashaw, when formerly only an Aga, distinguished himself greatly in the conquest of the Island of Candia, in the year 1669, and this same Afti—also, by his bravery and prudence, in 1672, secured the fortress of Kamiaska to the Turks. The Grand Seignior, for this, and other excellences, advanced him to the title of Bashaw of Buda. When Grand Vizier Kara Mustaphir was defeated, before Vienna, in 1683, and the Turkish army fell into the greatest disorder, the Afti restored confidence to the Osmalis under the walls of Buda, he was, therefore, on the death of the then commander, appointed his successor, and hence became the Bashaw of Buda.

CHAPTER XV.

For several years war raged in Hungary without any advantage, Buda, the strong fortress, secured impregnable. In the summer of 1686, the Duke of Lorraine arrived with fresh troops, and encamped himself before Buda, and serving under him were the Prince of Bavaria, Mathias Elector and Prince Louis of Baden.

The siege was renewed with great vigor, one storming after the other of the walls, was attempted, but all were terribly repulsed by the brave and skilful defence of the renowned Afti-Bashaw. The trenches and redoubts, however, began to encircle the besieged city closer and closer, and the Duke of Lorraine sent Count Konigseg with a letter to the Bashaw summoning him to surrender. The answer from him was, "yes, we shall surrender, but it will be over dead bodies and the ruins of the fortress." This answer had an envelope of blood red silk, that its contents might be anticipated.

This Spartan answer exasperated the besiegers and they went on with great zeal. The Bashaw had probably relied on the intervention of the Grand Vizier who was encamped out far off with his army, but no succor came; for his scouts had been intercepted by the Duke of Lorraine. A breach in the wall was now effected, and another attempt was made to storm the fortress, but the desperate bravery of the Bashaw raised some doubts of success. They hoped, therefore, that a second summons to surrender, with generous and honorable terms of capitulations, would be listened to more favorably. But when this was decided upon, it became a question as to whom they should select as messenger to carry the terms.

The choice fell upon Oliver, whose abilities and bravery had stood so many tests, and he was singled out by Prince Baden himself, in whose regiment he had a command. Oliver, therefore, was employed to take the terms, and to endeavor to prevail on the Bashaw to agree to them. He was to represent their situation within the fortress, as desperate, and to declare that in case he did not surrender, he might be assured of the inevitable destruction of the fortress, and that they should all be slaughtered without mercy. Oliver went on this mission, accompanied by an officer, an interpreter, and a herald.

CHAPTER XVI.

Oliver was introduced to the Afti-Bashaw, a robust, handsome man, somewhere in appearance between fifty and sixty years of age. He received the messenger of the christian army, with an innate, quiet dignity of manner so characteristic of a Turk. There was something grand and majestic in his figure, which was heightened by his rich oriental costume. His salutation was returned in the like respectful manner by Oliver, and the Bashaw stood before him, cold and calm, fixing his eyes steadily upon the speaker until his speech was rendered to him in the Turkish language, and then a strange smile flitted over the face of the Bashaw.

Oliver remarked this and waited for the answer of the proud Musselman, who remained for sometime silent as if doubtful upon what to determine. He spoke at last and desired the interpreter to ask the name of the messenger, where he was born, how long he had served and in what regiment. Oliver answered all these questions very briefly, and then respectfully requested an answer to his mission. Instead of replying, the Bashaw traversed the long saloon as if meditating, turned into an antechamber for a moment, and then walking quietly back, stood before Oliver.

"Ta reteri te gsina y pavi reiera le nim," said the Bashaw in a grave yet horrid voice. Oliver demanded of the interpreter what this meant, the man looked first at one and then at the other, but could not comprehend what was meant. The Bashaw presuming that he was not understood in consequence of his speaking too fast, approached Oliver, and slowly repeated the sentence—"Ta reteri te gsina y pavi reiera le nim." Oliver recognized this at once to be the gaine of the Paya de Vand—of La Sarna! His surprise therefore was great on hearing this dialect from the lips of a Turk, and he cast a scrutinising glance at the Bashaw. But how much greater was his astonishment when the Afti drew from the folds of his tunic, and held before him the mother of pearl knife!

Oliver though feeling sure that the Bashaw was no other than his beloved Cugny, did not lose his presence of mind, he told the herald and the interpreter to retire to the ante-chamber. The Bashaw perceiving that he was known, dismissed the Turkish officers and after closing the door, Cugny and Oliver threw themselves into each others arms, and shed tears of joy.

"Are we then," said Cugny, "now that we are grey-headed men, still to be opposed in war as when we had gaiety for our soldiers—where is our little suttler Helen?"

Oliver was deeply moved and sobbed loudly.

"May she rest in peace," said Cugny in broken accents. "Her mortal spirit waits for us in yonder world; let us grieve no longer, Oliver, she is still ours, she is mine and she is yours, for I have heard that she became your wife—but enough of this."

"And you are still alive, and a Musselman, Cugny," said Oliver fixing his eyes upon his friend. "You are then the terrible Bashaw; how can this be?"

"Let us take breakfast," said Cugny, leading Oliver into a room splendidly decorated. Here a richly furnished table was set out, and after partaking of the refreshments, the servants being dismissed, Oliver entreated Cugny to let him know how all this had happened.

"I certainly expected to be counted among the dead," said he, "as I lay on the ground covered with wounds, my horse being shot under me. But some of the janissaries discovering life in me carried me off as captive. I was not plundered as is usual, this was by the orders of Achmet Kiuperli, who had seen the desperate manner of my charging his soldiers, and he resolved, if I could be taken alive, to keep me in slavery. I was taken to Constantinople and placed under the care of a renegade from the Provinces whose name was Ali Mahomed. He was an honest, honorable man, and in a short time became very much attached to me, making me as comfortable as my weak state of health would allow.

"He discovered that I had some knowledge of artillery and other military tactics, and when the Grand Vizier was at Constantinople made him acquainted with it. This brought me to his presence, and I had a number of conversations with him on military affairs, particularly on the act of fortifications which I had industriously studied. I hoped by being useful in this way to obtain my freedom at the termination of the war.

"The Grand Vizier, perceiving what my hopes were, undeceived me at once. 'I shall not part with you, said he, or do not think of it. You are considered as dead by your friends, and you had better therefore content yourself among us. Enter the service of the Sublime Porte, accept the turban, and you shall at once be made Aga. Your talents are great, and in less than two years you will rise to the highest dignities. Look what you are now! Simply a captain, when your courage, zeal and knowledge should have advanced long ago—only a captain after twenty years service! Take the turban and you become Aga on the spot.'

"Of course, Oliver, I refused to listen to this proposal, but I was a prisoner and had daily, hourly, to listen to the plausible arguments, the entreaties, persuasions, threats and promises of the Grand Vizier and of my friend Ali Mahomed. Sometimes I was dismissed from the presence of the Vizier in anger, 'You fool,' cried he one day, 'why are you so blind to your own interests! Suppose that the French king should send one troops would you then refuse to fight with them by the side of my faithful soldiers!' I replied that this would make a difference, and I then should have no objection.

"'You are my captive,' said he, 'and no longer subject to the commands of others, you are mine, and I call upon you to enter my service and fight my battles. Is this dishonorable. I have it in my power to reward you amply, and to load you with honors. Captivity has dissolved you from your former allegiance, and the laws of war has made you adherent to me. There is nothing but your silly prejudices to prevent you from becoming one of the first officers in the service of the Sublime Porte.'

"I will not repeat to you, Oliver, all that passed at these interviews, nor of the efforts of many of their wise men to bring me over to their faith, but I still resisted, and my obstinacy brought upon me anger and distrust.

"Two circumstances that occurred, at length made me indifferent about this change in my religion. Ali Mahommed came to me one day with sorrow on his countenance. 'Your obstinacy,' said he, 'has wearied the Grand Vizier, and he has lost his interest in you. He has ordered me to send you, with a number of other captives, far into the interior of Asia, there to be employed in some menial service, and you will thus be cut off from all comfort and happiness forever.'

"Even this, Oliver, would not have had much weight, but I heard that believing me dead, for who did not, you and Helen were married! I had foreseen this, during my captivity, and was in no way surprised, but it decided my fate. If I could obtain my liberty, thought I, to what purpose would it be. It was frightful to think of the misery my appearance among you would cause, so I resolved to give up all hope, nay, desire to regain my freedom. And as it was no way agreeable to my feelings to be carried into the most degrading slavery, I even signified to the Grand Vizier that I should accept his offers."

CHAPTER XVII.

"From that moment," continued Cugny, "the course of my life was changed. I became Musulman, and had done so sooner had I known of Helen's marriage. I was immediately taken into the service, a handsome estate with an ample revenue was given me, I received the name of Afti, and the Grand Vizier sent me a costly turban, a princely dress, a sabre enriched with jewels, and two highly ornamented purses, the one filled with gold pieces, and the other containing my commission as Aga, or Colonel.

"My life now was one of activity, and I grew in favor from year to year, and was constantly promoted. I need not speak of the different battles in which I was engaged, in all of which I certainly distinguished myself, and when released from duty, my time was passed pleasantly and honorably.

"To see Helen and you once more, was frequently my ardent desire, but it was not possible, and I therefore consoled myself by draining to me other great and noble spirits, and thus my days passed. Amongst my most precious jewels I preserved this dear knife—one it has a case of gold on which your name is engraved. It was the last gift I received from that paradise of my youth, and I shall preserve it forever."

The two friends embraced again, forgetting under what hostile circumstances they met. Oliver recounted in a brief manner, all that he thought would interest Cugny, and he spoke as lightly as he could on all matters that related to Helen. He then entreated Cugny to surrender, as it really was impossible to contend against such power. It was now that Afti Bashaw first learned that the Grand Vizier had been totally defeated by the Imperial army, and that all his supplies had been cut off.

"You perceive, therefore, my dear Cugny," said Oliver, "that there is no prospect of relief from that quarter. You have done enough for your own glory and that of the Sublime Porte. It is impossible to save Buda, but you can save your brave garrison by an honorable surrender, and go over to the Grand Vizier, and thus give strength to his army. Think of all this, dear friend, and think also, that if you refuse these terms, you and I must be opposed to one another, and I may fall by your hands. Will not your love for me have some influence?"

The Bashaw of Buda listened in gloom and silence, but raising his eyes at length, he replied,

"Buda is is not my property, Oliver, it belongs to the Grand Seignior and it is not in my power to surrender this fortress to the enemy unless by his orders. But it is too late now, I shall therefore defend the place as long as I am able, or perish under its ruins—this is my final determination. But listen to me, Oliver—if heaven enables me to sustain myself, and you survive to-morrow, come to me, we will live together and you shall share with me in every thing. He in no fear of conversion, your faith shall be kept sacred, for is not your God my God also?"

Oliver hesitated for one moment, he then said, "Heaven will decide for us to-morrow, if I survive I will accept your offer, for I can only be happy in this life when near you," saying this he embraced his friend and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

This extraordinary occurrence had a powerful effect upon Oliver, and after leaving the fortress, he scarcely knew what he was about. He could not comprehend what the officer who accompanied him was saying, and it was not until he approached the outposts of the Imperial army that his mind became tranquilized enough to answer his companion's questions. He apologized for his absence of mind by telling the affair that he found in the Afti Bashaw, not only a countryman of his own, but one of his earliest friends.

He reported the result of his mission as soon as he was before the Prince, and then spoke of the Afti Bashaw, as the brave man who was supposed to have perished at Saint Gothard. He gave a short account of this early friendship and of their instant recognition and finally with much emotion spoke of the many virtues and excellences of his friend.

The Prince and several of those around him listened to this extraordinary tale with surprise, and some of them with suspicion, but this refusal to surrender, made it necessary to proceed to action. In the evening one of the officers told him that what he had related of the Bashaw was received with some suspicion by several of the generals, who envious of Oliver's influence and the high favor he was in with the Prince, endeavored to injure him by insinuating that he had been bribed.

Oliver, indignant at this injustice and meanness, went immediately to the Prince of Baden, told him what he had heard and requested to be ordered to the most dangerous post when the fortress was attacked.

On September 2, 1686, the fortress was attacked on all sides, and great skill and ardor was shown both by the Imperial army and the enemy. The Afti Bashaw was always to be seen near the breach in the wall where the battle was hottest, but by his bravery and military knowledge, assisted by his soldiers whom he had himself trained, the besiegers were driven off with great loss of life.

The Imperial generals now ordered the French troops to advance, and the regiment to which Oliver belonged came up to the breach under the most destructive fire from the fortress. All recognised in the back ground the brave Afti Bashaw stimulating his men and exposing himself to his enemy's fire. He fell at length from a well directed shot, sword in hand, and Oliver seeing him fall rushed forward recklessly, regardless of his life and met his death on the spot where his beloved friend lay.

The battle now ended, the victors entered the fortress and Buda was taken after suffering for two months and a half all the terror and distress of a close siege.

"Thus perished," says the historian, "the Bashaw of Buda and Major Oliver. These magnanimous friends died in each others' arms. They become distinguished and respected not by the adventitious circumstance of birth, or favoritism, but solely by their own merit.

TEMPERANCE puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, meat in the tub, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and *spirit* in the whole composition of a man.

"Be temperate in all things."

"VIRTUE promoted singly to the imagination or the reason is so recommended by its graces, and strongly supported by arguments, that a good man wonders how any one can be bad."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Original Poetry.

DEATH OF OSCEOLA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

As calmly bright the orb of day descends
And fair, to nature rays of glory lends;
Bathed in the sunshine of her southern skies
The land of Flora rich in verdure lies.
Green is thy bosom land, and bright thy sun;
How sparkling o'er the streams of silver run!
Dark fall the shadows of thy nodding pine,
And purple hang the clusters on thy vine.
This joy, this beauty brooding o'er thy hills,
With mossy graves and sweetly gliding rills.
Can man so blind in frantic passion, war,
And crush their echo in the din of war!
Yes, home of spring eternal! though a God
With hand profuse has scattered on thy sod
His brightest seeds, and round thy smiling brow
Has wreathed the streamlets in their quiet flow;
Yet, round thee rings the tocsin's wild alarm,
Thy fields of verdure yet with blood are warm
And shrieks still mingled with the alarum shrill
Thy leafy groves and blooming valleys fill.

How still the scene now round Fort Moultrie's wall!
And bright the sun-light on its turrets fall!
How green the willows bending by its side
With shadows dancing on the passing tide!
No hum of noise, no stir or busy life,
Nor throb of drum, nor cool-awak'ning fife.
No echoed tramp of sentry breaks the still,
Or hoarse commands the breeze of summer fill;
All's quiet there! it breathes of still decay,
And crumbling wall, and life long passed away.
But no! see o'er yon tower of darkened hue
A banner hangs now drooping to your view;
The wind speeds fast, it shakes its gathered folds
And opens and spreads and on the zephyr rolls—
Lo! 'tis the flag which floats o'er land and sea
The stars and stripes, proud badge of victory!
But does it stream where hostile arms resound
And wily foes spring to the war cry's sound.
And are none there with hearts so stout and true
Who would not bleed and call death glory, too,
To shield that banner from the red-man's hand,
And save dishonor from their native land!
List the response which through each valley sounds,
List to the echo which each hill rebounds.—
The rifle's crack and soldier's cheering cry,
The mad defiance as the red-men die
Ask and then view the crash of meeting foe,
The eye's wild fire and stunning musket blow.
Ask and go seek where seeking sabres flash
And become redden with the fatal gash;
And there, and then, where deadliest blows you'll see
That banner waving o'er the brave and free.

Hark! sounds proceed from Moultrie's prison yard
And measured steps betray the moving guard—
Hist! for and whispers break the silent still
And with their gloom the listner's heart-blood chill—
The clanking chain, the rattling hawk-fang ball,
Intense Cugny, and heavier lightly as he could on
Whilst louder, louder grows th' increasing din,
And faster, faster move the steps within.
A motley band! for there the scarlet plume
O'er red-man's visage shades the settled gloom—
The soldier's eye—now glowing bright with life,
At thoughts of conquest and of bloody strife.
Now melting sadly as it roats on one,
That dying chieftain. Freedom's noble son,
Oh, sad that ocean, and there oh, pity weep;
There death low lovers with eternal sleep,
Oh round that warrior brave yonder wave,
Grieve hearts for Osceola's sorrow grieve!
For he that chief, the noblest of his race;
In war the first—the boldest in the chase;
Whose arm could wield the massive club of war,
Or with unerring precision on the foeman hurl,
Family now rests upon that battle-plain
Where once he strove to break the conqueror's chain.
Is the die cast?—the chieftain feels 'tis so;
So speak his mournful eye and gaze of woe;
That and long look as in his earthly hand,
He views the few brave relics of his land.
And feels at last that flame of war expired,
Which freedom's wing had fanned and freemen fired
Thus as he mused and thought what woes must fall,
What and misfortunes his loved home enthral;
The gath'ring tear; endeared the warrior's eyes,
And trembling heaved his breast with broken sighs.
Then raising quick his glance to where he knew
His comrade's locks with scarlet feathers grew,
He gazed full on them with a manier's stare,
Relaxed his look and bade the warriors near.
Slowly they moved, and sad in silence hung
Their crestfallen foreheads where their chief was flung,
Whilst anguish racked each breast with piercing woe,
And fear, as blighting as the spring-time snow.
As gazing wildly on their leader's eye
They saw 'twas there impressed that he must die.
Unmoved, he spoke, unshrunk in that sad gaze
Your chief can see that hope departing plays
That there where once the joyous life-blood dowed,
And gladsome smiles and sunny prospects glowed,
Despair and gloom and blighted hope repose
And ruskie coldly in their bed of snow.
But see! 'tis see! that proud and sullen scorn
Ever tells of triumph fled and hope forlorn;
E'er shades the red man's eye when all are aped,
And naught yet lingers save his freedom dead.
Ah, freedom dead! And slavery worse than death
Why now around us breathe thy noxious breath!
Why now increase a dying wretch's pains,
And clank around him here thy hellish chains!
Away—O spare—let not his requiem be
The song that says "he country is not free."
Comrades within me faints the breath of life.
Let this weakness prove the warring strife
Of soul and clay—the dying spirit calls,—
And on these eyes death's summer shadow falls.
But do I die, and is there left no name
To tell degenerate children of a fame
I astained, unsullied, pure as morning light,
Which bursts in brightness from the midst of night
When dark confusion and the jarring car
Of passion fierce urge on the direful war.

Fame did I say! ah see this mangled breast
Where sabre's gash and molten bullets rest;
Mark well this brow, the target where men aimed,
These arms so bowed, these dying members maimed,
And repeat of fame! Go take my scalp string down,
And search if any's torn from infant crown,
Or helpless woman. No these braids locks
Were cut through carnage and fell market shocks;
Where valor lone could stalk, and weak dismay
Must crouch and tremble or in fear away.
Yes warriors brave, these time-stained hills must fall,
And seas spread waters o'er these forests tall
Dark Withlacoochee's stream deserts its bed,
And rolling backward seek its fountain head,
E'er Powell's name, o'er Powell's deeds shall die
He fought for Freedom. Twas his legate;
There is one thought which calms my turbid breast
And lulls all raging passions down to rest;
To think, perhaps, in days when you and I
Beneath the green sward of our loved land lie,
But live in deeds that then some beast may fire
At words recordant of their father's ire;
Shriek loud the war-cry; tear from yon proud rag
The star which rests it here a victor flag
My country fare thee now a last farewell
I leave thee, O with feelings who can tell;
In tears, blood, would, would that it could be
That my last gaze could see thee smiling free!
I would cast the pang, my soul would bound with pride,
And spurn exulting here this dying side.
Loved home alas! I ne'er shall see thee more;
I left thee groaning 'neath the battle roar,
Thy fields where once I leaped in youthful glee,
And gaily smiled because thou then were free,
Were clouded thick with friend and kindred gore.
Loved home alas! I ne'er shall see thee more.
They've caged me here: they've led me as a show,
Where men might smile and taunt my passive woe
They've wreathed these arms with rough and heavy chains
As if my spirit could be broke by pains;
But still my home, my home, the thought of thee
Would haunt and linger in my memory
Farewell, farewell now land I kiss thy sod.
He spoke, and in the soul's before its God!

* * * * * *

Years have passed by and summers rolled their sun
O'er Moultrie's turrets dark with frowning guns
No sunny sound low jars the silent hush,
Save wind's sad moans and water's noisy gush
And mortal steps scarce tread the rankling grass,
Or neath the archway of the fortress pass.
But when the orb of light dismes the west,
And brightly shining make to evening rest;
There may be seen some pale face stranger glide,
Within the archway of old Moultrie's side.
And take his course along whose streamlets bound
And stop at last beside a quiet mound.
And often too when darker grows the shade
Of vesper twilight 'round the neighboring glade
And night spreads o'er the scene her spangled veil,
And branches rustle in the zephyr's gale:
A female form alone and sad is seen
To bend in sorrow o'er that mound of green.
A quiet spot! where early spring flowers blooms
And scatter light their dew-drops o'er the tomb;
Where late in fall when sears the summer leaf
Some lonely songster pours its tale of grief.
Where no memento guides the stranger's eyes
To read that there leaze Osceola lies. P. C. H.

Washington City, 3d August 1843.

Vernacular Stories.

LUCY GRAY.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQUIRE.

"Out of sight out of mind," is a proverb that holds true in pretty much nine cases out of ten. You may like a body ever so well, and if you're not down right over head and ears in love with her, and she moves off out of sight, and stays away, its ten to one you forget her, or when you do see her again, married like enough, or a widow, it don't seem possible nor natural that she can be the same girl that used to spell above you in your class at school, and like as not make you laugh, and get a walloping, because you were too much of a man in boy's clothes to tell who made you snicker, right out. Any kind of a boy that's cut out for a decent man, has it in him amazingly early; and will show the man before he can spell the word, wherever there's a girl in the case. I've minded that, more than once, or twice, I can tell you.

Long time ago—that is, it seems long ago to me, though you'd consider me but a chicken yet, for I'm only two-and-twenty—I went to the same school with Lucy Gray. I was fourteen, and she was nineteen, just five years the oldest. There was the difference in our ages that made me just the right kind of a beau for Lucy, she thought; and if it didn't make me proud to have her so ready to take my arm home from singing school, and spelling matches, I think it's a wonder. Why, there was Jack Simonds, and Josh Loo, and lots more of 'em would have given all their old shoes for one real serious kind look from Lucy Gray, but they were a little too old for play-fellows. It takes the women to get early notions of what's what. Why, what Mr. So-and-by used to spend every Sunday almost with us, and Parson Williams' eyes always lighted up when he saw him standing on the meeting house steps of a morning, and chatting and shaking hands with every body, as if he belonged to the village. It's not fashion in the country to go as far as the door of the meeting house with our ladies, and let them walk in while we stand outside and hear all the news, for there isn't a daily paper in the village, and a good many people get all their notions of what's going on in Washington, and so forth, at the church door. There were not as many papers of any kind a few years ago as there are now, and you may judge that Mr. Cooper's budget of news was always in pretty good demand.

Well, matters went on so, pretty near a year, and I don't know but over. Lucy Gray looked handsomer than ever, and I never passed her without getting a kind word, and giving a respectful one. Something or other, I began to see and understand the common sense of what few words she said to me under the tree, and you'll allow they made considerable of a text for a chap to chew over. I did begin to see too that she was older than I—for a boy has to live till he's nearly eighteen, before he finds out that he is a boy, and he don't always learn it then. Fanny too, had begun to come forward considerable, and had grown so large that my heart had no room in it for any body else. The old button-over trousers had got condemned to carpet rags at last, and I'd had the delightful torment of being teased by the rest of the boys about Fanny, and of seeing her blush when the girls teased her, and of hearing Aunt Sally, confound her thin lips, ask me how long after a child left off long frocks it ought to be before it went a courting. So I'd become quite reconciled to Lucy's being spoken of by William Cooper, and more than that, I did love to hear her tell me what a good choice I'd made, and how well worthy Fanny was of me, and how happy we should be together by-and-by, and all that. I didn't mind the little bit of roguery that peeped out of Lucy's eyes once in a while, for I knew that she kept our secret, and that nobody else knew anything about it.

Well, one Saturday night I went down to Guttridge's store to get the things for Sunday, and father's paper, that always came of a Saturday night. I found the paper open, and every body a reading it, over each other's shoulders. They do just so with the Post now, and if there's a piece of mine in it, I generally get a chance to hear it read out loud, before they will let me touch it. Newspapers are common property in the Jonesville Post Office, and there's no way of putting a stop to it without being ugly, and that won't answer in a small village, however well it may do in Philadelphia. If you get your paper before it is all worn out, you are very lucky, and have no right to complain. As to ever seeing the wrapper that comes round it, that's out of the question. Well, as I was saying, every body was looking into the New England Palladium—that's dead now, along with a good many of the old fashioned good kind of folks, that used to read that old fashioned kind of a paper. It didn't seem to be the news that took their eye, nor the "items" that old Mr. Young used to do up with so much care. It was an advertisement—and this was it, for I've just taken down fathers old file to hunt it up. What a freshener is an old file of newspapers! What does any body ever destroy one for! Why, the witch of Endor never could call up spirits as these old dates, and figures, and paragraphs do. There never was a better "memento mori"—never any thing like it to show you how every thing grows old, and goes out. There ain't a line in that old volume that's of any use now, for itself; but still there ain't a line neither that was not carefully conned and written out, carefully printed, and carefully read through round glass spectacles. But here's the advertisement:

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—William Ladd respectfully gives notice to his friends and the public, that he has taken Mr. William Cooper into copartnership, and that the business at the old stand, Cornhill, will be continued under the firm of Ladd & Cooper. A continuance of patronage is respectfully solicited.

Boston, Nov. 18, 1824. tf

That was what took their eyes. It was greater news than any of the speculations about politics and such matters. They didn't even read the horrid accidents, but fell right to work wondering whether Lucy knew it, and whether the couple wouldn't be married right off, and all that. One old fellow wanted to get the paper right away from me, and take it over to show to Lucy Gray, as if she didn't know all about it before. I wouldn't let him, but took it myself, and found William Cooper taking tea with her. Of course I couldn't tell her any news, but I wished him success with all my heart, and got my thanks from her eyes as I did so.

Next day Cooper didn't stop on the Meeting-house steps. He bowed here and there, with Lucy on his arm, and walked straight in, both of them blushing like a blood beet, and looking half smiling and half serious, while all the rest of us grinned from ear to ear. Lord, when I think what kind of a gossiping folks have to run, three Sundays in succession in our parts, I've half a mind, when Fanny and I get ready, to slip down to York and have the knot tied, where there may be folks in the same house who don't know what's going on. The fact was, that among the notices pasted by the town clerk on the door post, was the intention of marriage between William Cooper and Lucy Gray, and that's what made them slink into the meeting house so sudden. The cunning creatures worked it cute enough, for the first notice was stuck up the Sunday before Thanksgiving, so that they were out-published the next Sunday night, and married the same evening. Lucy said she wished Fanny and I were old enough to stand up with them, and we should, with all her heart. Mr. Cooper's brother who was settled at Marsville, and is now, come over to the wedding, and preached for Parson Williams that day; and he might have had his choice of the girls in Jonesville, if he hadn't unluckily been married before. I never heard a more beautiful prayer than he made for his brother and sister.

The next day William went away. It seemed as if he took all Jonesville with him. Lucy's going away made such a blank in our society. For one whole week nothing else was talked about but the wedding, for nigh upon every body had been invited. Another week, and every body kept still a talking about the bride and bridegroom. Towards the end of the third week the old maidish and shrewish sort began to work in a little slander with their gossip; but that didn't exactly set well, and was dropped. Toward the end of the fourth week nobody mentioned them at all, except her own folks, and Fanny and I, and some other couples to whom a wedding seemed interesting. After that, we dropped this wedding in particular, and talked of weddings in general. "Out of sight out of mind," as I said to begin with.

I guess about a year and a half had gone over when the Palladium had a notice under the obituary head that started the Jonesville folks and brought the Coopers into mention again. It was the death of the infant daughter of William and Lucy Cooper. Fanny cried like a child over it, and I couldn't help feeling a little ugly myself, more particularly as the infant was named Fanny, according to promise. But that didn't seem to take quite so much hold of the folks as another notice did, a few months after. It was an assignee's sale of the stock of Ladd & Cooper. Then came the death of Mr. Ladd, and then we did begin to think that the sky of our friends was clouded. Mr. Ladd went from our part of the country, and it was somehow in that way that Cooper, who served his time with him got acquainted down here.

The next news I heard was that Mrs. Cooper was staying with her brother-in-law over to Haverville, on a visit. Now a visit in itself is a very simple thing, and may mean a little, or it may mean a great deal, according to circumstances. Putting that and that together, I concluded that it meant a great deal—but I said nothing. When the world goes well, there is nothing for pleasure and from choice. When it goes ill, there is visiting from necessity; and if your hosts are ever so kind, and ever so attentive, it don't seem to be any thing but a burden you are inflicting upon them, in your grief, though they try ever so hard to make you welcome; and the more they try, the more you feel unhappy.

Lucy Cooper had a proud heart, though a good one, and I rather guess she didn't find Haverville very pleasant. At any rate, the next news we heard was that Rev. Mr. Cooper was going to preach for Mr. Williams the next day; and that he wasn't stopping at the parsonage, but at widow Gray's, and that he had brought Lucy over with him to stop with her mother. There was a great turn-out to meeting, and cold dinners were in Jonesville the next day, you may be sure; but forenoon nor afternoon Lucy did not come to church, and in the afternoon the Widow Gray didn't come, and she was never known to miss, except when there was sickness. How different was all this from the last time when Mr. Cooper preached there!

In the evening Fanny and I took the melancholy privilege of old friends, and went over to the Widow Gray's. Lucy reclined on the old fashioned sofa—smiled faintly as we came in, and then her full black eyes glistened with tears—and then, she was used to it, poor soul, and did not wipe them away,—they trickled down her cheeks, as she turned her head to the wall, and her whole frame shook with sobs. Fanny's quick eye did not need any interpreter. Any woman can sympathize, for and with a woman, while a man is collecting his ideas, and in an instant Fanny was on her knees beside her, and with their arms around each other's necks, they cried bitterly. Widow Gray came in, and had a good evening for me on her tongue, but she caught a glance at the sofa, her lips turned pale, quivered, refused utterance; and the poor old thing, doubled down with age and sorrow, caught her apron up to her eyes, and tottered out of the room without saying one word. There is something more here, says I to myself, than the mere failure of the firm of Ladd & Cooper. I drew a chair, and pretended to be reading the family Bible—but the very first place I opened to was the register of marriages, and there was the marriage of Lucy and William, entered in his fine clerkly hand—done the very morning after, at the Widow Gray's request. I thought of the bride as she was then, of the girls who prompted me at school, of the romp who kicked the foot-ball on the green, and then of the unhappy being whose echo I still heard. Could the short space in which I had lost sight of and almost forgotten her, have wrought this dreadful change? Another entry caught my eye—the birth of her granddaughter, written in a trembling hand by the old lady, but still betraying the feelings of hope and joy with which she made the record. Another leaf, and the trembling scrawl recorded the day of the infant's death. My tears fell her and fast, and I could not help it. "Zekiel!" said Lucy. It was the first word she had spoken. She had raised herself, and was sitting nearly upright on the sofa. I drew my chair beside her—she took a hand of each of us, but still she did not speak. The old lady had again returned, and with forced composure bade us "good evening." She could trust her lips with no more.

Lucy in a voice calm and distinct, but weak, commenced a series of enquiries about every soul in the village, as though she would divert both her own thoughts and ours from herself. Thus passed the evening, as if in all her own affliction, and I could not then tell of what depth, or of what nature it was, she still had a sympathy, compassion and interest to bestow upon all others, in affliction and in prosperity. Toward the last she was nearly cheerful. We rose to go, and as we did so, Rev. Mr. Cooper entered. He asked us if we would not join in the family prayers before taking leave; and so feelingly did he address the Throne of Grace, that it seemed almost as if the supplication that God would bind up the broken hearted brought its answer from above with its utterance. No light had been brought into the room; and as we all rose from prayer, I was struck painfully, in the brilliance of the harvest moon, with the supernatural pallor and calmness of Lucy's face. She laid her thin fingers upon my arm, and said: "My young friend—for you are still very young, and I have lived twice as fast as you since we last parted—never have any secrets from your wife. If you have been unfortunate—wicked—desperate—trust her with *all*—never leave her to surmise which is always worse than the truth—never compel her to leave your side in the hour of peril, come what may—but first of all, remember never to do any thing, in any extremity, which may not without shame be confided to her. I know my husband—"

Here she sank upon the sofa, and her brother mildly, but in a manner which showed he must not be denied, led us to the door. Not a syll

"Oh!" from Mr. Snake, with a thump on his breast.

"Most generous friends."

Here there was a short pause.

Jones resumed—

"You have heard the news?"

"We have—we have," chorused the Snakes.

"And even that has made no change in you—pattern of friendship?"

"Don't speak of small efforts in this way, dear, dear, very dear Mr. Brown," whined Mr. Snake, pressing his hands, "we have done our duty to our neighbor and to ourselves, and we look for no greater reward than the consciousness of having done right."

"Consciousness of having done right!" complimented Mrs. Snake, seeming to think the adoption of the last line of the speech equivalent to the utterance of the aforesaid, to a long treat.

"This is too much," gasped Jones. "Snake, you are a man! Mrs. Snake, I affirm you are a woman! No, you are not—it's a lie, ma'am; I beg your pardon—a mistake—you are an angel! Snake, let me speak to you alone."

In a moment the room was cleared; the officious Snake re-filled his guest's tumbler, and sat in a state of perplexity opposite him.

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Jones. "Snake, may I believe you when you say, had I come back a loser I should have had as kind a welcome?"

"Oh!" Mr. Jones Brown, sir, for heaven's sake, do not tear and lacerate and plough up and harrow, and drill my heart in this manner; you ought to know—a heart that honors you, but cares for no man's riches."

"Worthy man!—exclaimed christian! unrivalled friend!"

"Friends," exclaimed Snake; "ay, friend's the word. Damon loved Pythias, and Snake loves Brown."

"Your hand!" grasped Jones; "I am satisfied. I will live with you and your dear family forever."

"Happiness, rapture, joy!" shouted Snake. "All we feared was, after this change of fortune you would leave us."

"Leave you—never, though I have had a change of fortune."

"The saints be praised."

"I have had no change of feeling! my heart is still the same ——"

"English oak," suggested Snake.

"It is; that's the material. Though I have lost every shilling I had before I commenced the suit itself yet will I dwell forever—bless me, Snake, are you ill?"

And well might Mr. Jones Brown ask the question, for at one particular portion of Jones Brown's communication, Mr. Snake's face became as perfect a pea green sickly tinge! with purple at the tip of the nose, as one would desire to see.

"I'll go mad! distracted!"

"I'll ring the bell," said Jones.

He did so, and in rushed Mrs. Snake with a plum cake, followed by the children in their best bibs and tuckers, and all immediately proceeded to cling round Mr. Brown, and hugged, and kissed and asked his blessing and sixpence with a degree of Spartan devotion.

"Your husband—be quiet my dear, is exceedingly ill. Look how green he is."

"Green, sir?" roared Snake; "green and be d——d to you; do you mean to insult me by calling me green to my face, you old impostor—I have been green, but I'll be green no longer."

"Snake," stammered his better or bitter half, "are you mad?"

"I am ma'am, mad as blazes, ma'am: and enough to make me ma'am."

"What's the cause?"

"This, my dear; Mr. Brown has lost his law suit!"

If the Emperor of the Celestial Empire were pulled by the pigtail off his throne of state by the gentleman usher of the black rod (supposing he had such a functionary) he could not exhibit more astonishment than did the female Snake at the awful announcement.

When she found breath enough to form into words she grasped out, "is this true?"

"Perfectly," responded the bewildered Brown; "but don't let that annoy you. I shall remain here all the same."

"Will you?" gasped out the better half—"not if I know it. Do you think I'll go on working and slaving myself to death for such a lump of superannuated self conceit? Not I indeed; nothing but the doctor's report that you were not likely to be a long liver, and your promise of leaving a legacy to each of the children, made us put up with you. So just be off, bag and baggage as soon as you can."

"Is this your determination?" said poor Jones, appealing to the still green and purple Snake.

"It is, with this slight alteration, if you hav'nt walked out of the house, in ten minutes by the door, I pledge myself to chuck you out of the window!"

"My good friends ——"

"Friends be d——d!" thundered Mr. Snake.—What do you mean by hurting that child's head, patting it in that manner? Adolphus, kick his shins."

"Hurrah—here goes," exclaimed the dutiful son, and poor old Mr. Jones Brown manipulated the wounded bone.

"Allow me," said he, in an under tone, "to stay till to-morrow."

"There's five of the ten minutes up, open the window, Adolphus," was the only answer vouchsafed by Snake.

"I've done it, papa," said young hopeful; "the one over the spikes."

"Now, sir, be off at once. You need not wait for your luggage—that sha'nt stir till I have received my last quarter, so budge."

As he spoke, he advanced to Mr. Jones Brown, and laid his hand upon his collar. Now, Mr. Jones Brown, though generally a mild man, had some of the fighting devil in him, and in a very short space of time, Mr. Snake was placed flat on his back in an excellent position for examining a small crack in the ceiling immediately over his head. Had Babel been recreated and loosed, it would barely have rivalled the screaming confusion of tongues which took place then—and as if to heighten the noise, the bells struck up a cheerful peal, the sound of whips and wheels were heard at the door, a thundering double knock astonished the whole, and a very gentlemanly man entered to state, that Mr. Jones Brown's carriage waited to convey him to his new mansion house, that he might take possession of it and his ample fortune.

"What is the meaning of this?" groaned Snake.

"That I intended to try your honesty. One hour's more kindness, under my supposed reverses would have secured you and that skin kicking brat, an ample independence. As it is, we part forever, and this is the only legacy I shall leave you."

So saying, he wrote something on a leaf he tore from the cheque book, and throwing it down upon the table, left the house.

After a half hour of mental agony, the husband and wife took up the cheque, and found written upon it in very legible characters—

"*My dear Mr. Brown, has lost his Law-suit.*"

The Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL.

The American Minister in England, Hon. Edward Everett, was present, on the 14th ult., at the annual dinner of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Derby. Of course, as a guest, he was toasted, and of course, as he never does less, he made a happy speech, of which the following is a report:

Mr. Everett, upon rising to return thanks, was received with loud and long-continued cheering. He said—My lord and gentlemen, I assure you, without affectation, that when I consider the kind manner in which you, my lord, have spoken of me and my country, I am almost overpowered by my feelings, and want words to express them—(cheers.)

Such a notice, from such a company, of myself and my country, from this intelligent assembly of English noblemen, and gentlemen, and yeomen—from you, my lord, who have born the flag of your country with honor on the sea—(cheers) and who sustain a position of such importance and respectability on shore—sir, I want words to thank you as I ought. You have done me no more than justice, I assure you, in ascribing to me the kindest feelings towards the land of my fathers—(cheers.) My lord, I am a great believer in the efficacy of race and blood. I do not think that it is confined to a question of short-horns, and Herefords, and South Downs, and Leicesters.

I believe in the race of men as well as of the inferior animals—(cheers.) Attached as I am, ardently, passionately, to my own country, desirous to strain every nerve in her service, and if need be, shed every drop of blood in her defence—(cheers.) I yet rejoice that my ancestors were the countrymen of your ancestors. My lord, the sound of my native language beyond the sea is music to my ears—(cheers.) I do rejoice that when I speak my own mother tongue, I speak in the mother tongue also of a kindred people like that of yourselves—(cheers;) and, my lord, if there is any occasion—if there is any meeting that ought to bring us together as brethren, is it not at a meeting of those devoted to the great parent art, the common interest of civilized nations?—(cheers.)

Oh, my lord, I believe that if the one thousandth part of the energy, of the skill, of the treasure that have been expended by rival nations in the deadly struggle of what is called "the field" had been employed in a generous emulation to see who should excel the other in the arts of peace, (cheers) I believe, my lord, if this had been done, you farmers would have driven us diplomatists out of the field (cheers;) at any rate, you would leave us very little to do in carrying on angry international discussions. You have been pleased to allude to the important commercial connection between our two countries; it is important, and most earnestly and heartily do I wish that it might become more so (cheers.) But there is a thought on this subject which has struck me, since I listened to your lordship's instructive speech last evening, illustrating the incalculable importance of agricultural pursuits.

The commerce between our two countries is the largest that is carried on between any two countries on the face of the globe. The annual commerce between Great Britain and the United States is nearly tenfold that which you carry on with any other people. The entire annual movement of this commerce both ways—your exports to the United States—your imports from the United States—either of them singly being twice as great as your commerce with any other nation. And yet what think you it amounts to? About as much as the value of the annual crop of oats and beans in Great Britain—(cheers.) I take the fact from the instructive essay of your worthy collaborateur, Mr. Pusey.

One more fact to show the importance of your agriculture. The whole foreign commerce of Great Britain, in the pursuit of which you overshadow the ocean with your fleets, and plant your colonies in the farthest islands, is actually less in value than the annual green crop of those islands. (Cheers.) So truly was it said that he was the greatest benefactor who could make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. (It does not become me, my lord—I will not say to a stranger—by you will allow me to throw off that same (cheers)—but to your guests, it does not become me to enter into great details on this occasion; but it struck me, in going over your implement yard this morning, that however neglectful and inactive you may have been heretofore in the improvement of agriculture, there is nothing to complain of now.

It does seem to me that there is an amount of science, of mechanical skill, of practical sagacity, of capital, and of attention on the part of the higher orders—of diligence and perseverance on the part of the intermediate and laboring classes, combined for the promotion of agriculture, that has never been equalled in the history of the world. (Cheers.) And it is a most remarkable fact, if you will pardon me for indulging in a general reflection, that till lately all great discoveries and improvements in agriculture seem to have been the product of the very earliest infancy of mankind. Who can tell, my lord, when that instrument that lies at the basis of all civilization, the plough, was invented? Who can tell when man first called in the humble partners of his labor, the horse, the ox, the cow, the swine, the sheep, and took them into profitable alliance with himself?

If you could find out who was the shepherd that first caught the wild dog, and taught him to help and tend the flock, you ought to rear a monument of brass or a marble cenotaph to his memory—a higher monument than ever was raised to hero or monarch. Who knows where the cereal grains of the esculent roots were first cultivated? There is but one of them, as you know, the potato, of which the history is known—all the rest retire back into the darkest antiquity. They were cultivated at a time when your ancestors were roaming over the morasses of the now beautiful, free and merry England. (Cheers.) When our ancestors were roaming painted savages through the land. Aye, when the Romans and Greeks were living on beech nuts and acorns—(hear, hear.)

It seems, in fact, that in reference to the progress of agriculture, mankind has followed that curious law which Mr. Owen alluded to at the council dinner yesterday—the law that governs the ruminating animals in the tropics. He pointed out to us most beautifully that the ruminating animals there have a large fat hump between the shoulders. This is nourished and grows in the first five months of the year, when there is plenty of food, and they get along with the hump as well as they can through the seven succeeding months of scarcity. So it seems with mankind with respect to agricultural discoveries. In the very infancy of the race they got this large fat hump between the shoulders, and for 3000 years they lived upon little or nothing else—(cheers and great laughter.) The very plough that we read of in Virgil we may now see in use in the South of Europe.

We see it still in the hands of the peasantry as we discover it in the bas relief on the sculptured remains of antiquity. It is a most pleasing fact that this revival of the great art of agriculture in these latter days of the world is the work of the Anglo-Saxon race of which you have spoken. It has been left to you, and if you will permit me to say to us, living as we do in this ungenial climate, beneath these weeping skies, (the rain was at this moment descending in torrents, and the observation was loudly cheered;) it has been left to us to do that which not Italy nor Greece has been able to do with all their sunny climate.

Yes, and it is the want of those tropical luxuries, those enervating breezes of the south that has given you, that has given us, that hardihood, that perseverance, that industry, that resolution, that are worth all the spices and all the gold of the tropics—cheers. Yes, it is this that enables you to make that boast in which I hope you will permit me, for my country, to join—

"Man is the nobler growth our soil supplies,
And souls are ripened in our northern skies."

(cheers.) I beg your pardon for the length of time I have detained you. I assure you that when these shouts shall be heard across the Atlantic, as they will in eighteen or nineteen days, they will be echoed from hearts as warm as yours.—(cheers.)

United States
SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, Aug't 12, 1843.

Messrs. P. M. Tabb & Son, our agents, for many years, at Richmond, Va., have resigned the agency of the United States Saturday Post and Graham's Magazine. Due notice will be given to our Richmond subscribers of the appointment of their successor.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $3, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, *gratis.*

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Miss Bremer's new novel, "THE NEIGHBOURS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $3 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Since the issue of our last paper the country appears through its whole lengths and breadth, (so far as accounts have been received,) to have been visited with abundant rains. In this vicinity they have been attended with great loss of property, and, also with fearful destruction of life. The most striking particulars of the injury done will be found in another column. Meanwhile it should be urged upon the city and district authorities, that the health of the citizens requires the taking of immediate measures to obviate the ill effects which must arise from flooded cellars. In some of the parts of the city subjected by their position to the overflow, the danger is palpable and offensive to the senses.

By the foreign arrival of the week we have some interesting articles which the reader will find among the matter in this day's paper. The speech of Mr. Everett at the agricultural anniversary will be read with gratified interest by every class of readers—some being attracted by sympathy with the theme, and all admiring the colloquial and pleasant manner of the speaker, on a subject in the discussion of which there is no party politics.

Among the matter in preparation for future numbers of the Post, may be mentioned a tale by Edgar A. Poe, Esq., another by Orlando George, and two novellettes from the pens of Herbert and Mancur. These, with such other original varieties as we shall gather as we proceed, will keep the department of original novellettes in the Post up to its standard. We take no merit for making such provision for our readers, as it is but the rendering of a quid pro quo for the liberal support which the paper is receiving from the hands and purses of the public; and we shall still continue our endeavors to make it in the highest sense an American newspaper. We publish for no party in religion or politics, and for no section of the country; but aim to defend those fundamental truths on which all views in true religion, and all sound opinions among patriots of all parties are based. Our subscribers are resident in every State in the Union, and in every considerable town in every State; and if any one find his individual views, not only not defended, but perchance opposed, he must recollect that the editors of such a newspaper as this, must go for the greatest good of the greatest number; and that our motto is: "Our Country—Our Whole Country."

NEW VARIETY.

They are "bound" at the West to strike out something new and original when the fashions of the rest of the world cross the Alleghanies. They could not even have the grippe like the rest of us. The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye says that the influenza "affected one whole family in that place in such a way as to deprive them of sight. In this case, it seemed more like the Egyptian ophthalmia, as described in English travels, which we read many years ago, than any other disease."

THE OLD WORLD.

In a portion only of our large edition we were able last week to announce the arrival of the steamship Acadia at Boston. The two most interesting things which we get by the arrival are the Irish Repeal Debate, and Mr. Everett's speech at the agricultural festival; both of which will be found in this day's paper. The general news from England, is unimportant.

The Sandwich Island matter is finally settled—despatches having been sent to Capt. Paulet, who had taken possession of the Islands, acknowledging their independence. So the gallant commander has the satisfaction of undoing what he has done in the way of seizing islands for the British crown.

The state of the cotton market showed a slight improvement; but business still remained stagnant. There were prospects of more than an average crop, and the general condition of the country was much more placid than would be supposed, while Ireland is in such commotion.

The Oxford religious discussion, so far, at least as the secular press is concerned, seems to have been discontinued.

On the Continent there is little news. A Repeal meeting had been held in Paris, according to the wish expressed by the New York repealers. The assembly does not appear to have been very large. A commissioner of legate was to be sent to Ireland, in M. Ledru Rollin, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who is instructed "to assure the Irish people that should the struggle, hitherto pacific, ever become violent, France would no more be deficient to Ireland than she was, half a century ago, to the noble and courageous efforts of the American Republic, when the American people rose against its oppressors to conquer a glorious independence. M. Rollin is under sentence to three months imprisonment for sedition. As a member of the Deputies he cannot be arrested for sixty days after their adjournment; and it will be decidedly convenient for him to spend the recess in Dublin, and return to Paris when the Chambers are again in session. It will, however, be wise on his part, as an alien foreigner to keep tolerably quiet in Ireland, if he values his personal liberty. O'Connell himself will not permit such allusions as are contemplated in M. Rollin's instructions. The Repeal meeting was held ostensibly as a celebration of the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, by a dinner. The dinner was attended by about 150 persons composed of members of the extreme *gauche* editors of the Radical press, and deputies from the twelve arrondissements and commanders of the National Guard. The chair was taken by M. Arago, and among the principal persons present were M. Ledru Rollin, M. Carnot, M. Garnier Pages, M. Legendre, M. de Courtois, M. Maras, M. Veillard, &c. After the usual number of toasts were drunk in conformity with the apparent object of the meeting, M. Ledru Rollin rose, and proposed the following toast:—"*To Ireland, the Oppressed, and to France, the Enemy of all Oppression,*" which was received with enthusiastic acclamations. The meeting resolved unanimously to open a subscription in favor of Repeal, and to call on the several provinces to join in that subscription. It was also proposed and adopted that armed volunteer assistance should be offered in case of need to the movement party in Ireland.

The accounts from Spain represent the case of the Regent, Espartero as rather desperate. Only 17 out of 48 provinces remained faithful to him.

Abd-el-Kader had had a narrow escape from the French troops. The surprise would have been complete and successful but for the war cry raised by the Arab Allies of the French. Three hundred of the regulars of Abd-el-Kader were killed, 150 prisoners were taken, as also were a standard, 500 camels, 180 horses ready saddled, 100 laden mules, 400 muskets, swords, pistols, &c. The Emir had his horse killed, and in his flight left behind him his splendid horse collar, ornamented with amulets, said to have been a present from the Emperor of Morocco, the hollow stone in which he performed his ablutions, his staff of justice, a MS. history of the war with the French, his correspondence with the Kalifats and other important personages, and an immense booty.

DEAD LETTERS.

Fine fun must the clerks in the General Post Office find in opening the "dead letters," and the number of uncalled for epistles which travel to Washington is truly astonishing. The waste of pen, ink and paper, to say nothing of pathos and bathos on the part of the writers, indicates an immense amount of unrequited labor. Uncle Sam could well afford to cut down the tariff of postage one half, if the payment of postage were required in advance.

The number of Post Offices in the country is about 13,000, and two hundred and fifty thousand letters—a million a year—go back to the dead letter office every quarter. Five clerks are employed in the office. The envelopes are taken from the packages by one clerk, who ties a string round the contents, and casts them into a basket; the next clerk assorts them, and compares them with the post bills—sending the letters to the clerk to be opened; on opening, the letters containing no valuable enclosure, are thrown into a basket and destroyed. Those containing valuable inclosures are returned to the office, where they are mailed and sent to the owner, if found. If not claimed, it is placed into a separate fund, and the account recorded, so that it can be paid to the owner at any future period, if claimed. There are now several cart loads in the office, unopened. The work of opening and assorting them is very tedious and laborious.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.

We learn by the correspondence of the Philadelphia Exchange that a frightful storm was experienced in the harbor and off the coast of Buenos Ayres on the 29th and 30th of May. Upwards of fifty vessels, large and small, were either dashed in pieces against the rocks, driven up into the mud, where they must remain until broken up, or so much injured at their anchorage, that to repair them would cost more than they are worth; consequently they are condemned, and will be sold for account of underwriters. The injury to vessels at anchorage was caused by others which parted their cables and drifted into them. The barque Serene of Baltimore, the barque Aurora and brigs Oswego and Oriole of Boston, the brig Trafalgar and schooner Saratoga appear to be all the American vessels that were much injured, and of these all except the Oswego and Aurora may be repaired. The American barque Hobart was driven ashore at Montevideo, while waiting for a pilot. We read of no loss of life, and the highest compliments are paid to Admiral Brown of the Argentine squadron, and to the captain of the port for their assistance during the gale, and for the restoration of property after the storm was over. Business still continued very dull, and the civil war was still protracted, though without any decisive steps on either side. Business of course must remain stagnant while civil war continues.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

The U. S. sloop of war Boston brings intelligence that Capt. George E. Netcher, of whaling barque Isabella, of Fairhaven, reported at Tahiti, April 12, the discovery of a beautiful fertile island, extending about 40 miles from Northeast to Southwest. He named it "Eadie's Island," after the man who first discovered it—not being laid down in the charts. This island is situated in south latitude 11 65, west longitude 165 06. Well—in the usual course of events, this discovery will be laid aside—and completely forgotten by every American. In the course of five to ten years some British or French naval officer will discover the Island anew, and name it anew, and European Gazetteers in thereafter describing it will dispute the facts, not only that there ever was such a man as Eadie, but there ever was such a ship as the Boston. They may even maintain, to carry out their usual logic, that there is no certainty that the city of Boston was in existence at the time of this discovery. Such has usually been the course of foreigners toward American claims.

LEGAL NONSENSE.

A man in New York was recently clearly convicted of firing a house in Broadway. But as Broadway divides the fifth and sixth wards, as the indictment charged the firing of a house in the *sixth* ward, and as the house is shown to be in the *fifth* ward side of the street, the objection is decided to be fatal to the legality of the verdict, and a new trial is to take place. Oh, "perfection of human reason!" In the same courts all indictments charging libel, and misdemeanors of that class, invariably describe the offender as residing in the *first* ward, to save the clerk the trouble of looking at a map of the city, or a directory. Surely, the distinction in the cases is without much difference.

A PENALTY.

A public meeting of one thousand females, with chairwoman, &c., all regularly constituted, was held recently, near Gateshead, England, for the purpose of regulating the prices of milk and butter. One resolution provides that any housewife giving more than the scale price, is to have her clothes pulled off her back.

PARISIAN THEATRES.

The French government has made an appropriation of one million two hundred thousand francs, in aid of the Parisian theatres, for the present year. In many other European countries the theatres and other public amusements, are in part supported by the government. Of the ancient despots, history tells us that those whose crimes have made them most famous in our day, and whose barbarities and oppressions make their names synonymous with every thing wicked and unjust, were most liberal in their provisions for pageants and games. Mere empty spectacle, and all other amusements conferring less improvement than they incur expense in their support, are not willingly or liberally supported by a people who are left to consult their own freedom in choice of their gratifications. As the most nauseous medicines are put in gold leaf to disguise their unpalatableness, so has it ever been the policy of unpopular rulers to divert the public discontent, by pageantry, and to amuse the fickle popular mind with tinsel.

TEMPERANCE IN BRITAIN.

We find in the annual report of the British and Foreign Temperance Society some interesting facts. In Great Britain in 1832, the number of persons charged with drunkenness was 32,636; in 1842, it was 12,338; showing a decrease of 20,298. The decrease in the number of beer-shops in England and Wales, in the year 1843, as compared with the preceding year, was 3499, and 8639 as compared with 1839. The total quantity of malt converted into liquor in all the distilleries of the kingdom in the year 1840 was 3,947,000 quarters; in 1841 it was 3,796,000 quarters, showing a decrease of 150,000 quarters. The consumption of spirits in 1830 was not so much by 5,000,000 of gallons as in the the year 1820; and in 1840, the decrease as compared with 1830, was 3,078,000 gallons. The receipts during the past year, amounted to only £473 18s 6½d, and the expenditure to $451 3s 2d. The Society was involved to the amount of £212 8s 3½d.

Great Freshet.

TREMENDOUS STORM.
OVER THIRTY LIVES LOST.

This city and vicinity were visited on Saturday afternoon with one of the most severe storms of wind and rain which has happened for many years. The central portions of the city and the adjoining districts and liberties were visited by the rain only. Had the tornado which took the outskirts of the city in its path visited the centre, the damage, great as it now is, would have been even more terrific. Rain commenced falling at eight in the morning, and continued with slight intermission through the day. Between six and seven in the evening it fell in torrents, accompanied with heavy thunder, and vivid lightning. Dock street from Third to the river was covered with a torrent of water four feet deep, overflowing the side walks, and inundating cellars and basements. Immense damage was done in Third, Second, and in Market and Fourth streets; and pavements, open cellars, and unfinished masonry all over the city suffered great injury.

We hear of the tornado at and beyond Norristown, trees being uprooted, fences blown down, roofs taken off, and the lighter buildings prostrated in its path. Several of the roads leading to the city were blocked up by fallen trees. At Francisville the brass foundry and the Episcopalian church were unroofed, and other damage was done. A small building in Vine street, near Schuylkill Second, occupied by Mr. Samuel Griffiths, as a gas fitting factory, was blown down, and three persons, two men and a boy, were buried in the ruins. One of the men, Mr. Daniel Whitehouse, was taken out dead, his head completely crushed. The other two, the engineer and the boy, were rescued alive, but the former is now confined to his bed from the bruises, and the boy is not much hurt. Doors, window shutters, roofs, lumber were driven like feathers before the gale.

The Philadelphia gas house was unroofed; and a brick house in progress of erection on the corner of Chesnut and Schuylkill Second was reduced to a mass of ruins. The tin roof of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind was rolled up, and blown off; a new brick house in Bedford street, near Twelfth was overthrown. We cannot undertake to state a tithe of the damage done.

The storm passed with great violence over the district of Kensington, and did much damage to new buildings, unpaved streets, and property on the margin of the Cohocksink Creek. Fences, sheds, and out houses, situate near this creek, were swept into it in scores, and threatened a serious obstruction of the bridges on the streets passing over it. The wall on the creek below the bridge, at Second street, was washed away by the force of the flood, carrying with it a large portion of the earth forming Laurel street, which it was intended to support. The waters having torn this wall away, rushed with increased power against the foundation of the ice house below it, belonging to the Messrs. J. and P. Fisher, and a large portion of that was in like manner carried away. The ice in the house was almost totally destroyed. A dwelling house in Front street, above Laurel, in the Northern Liberties, was struck by the lightning, and was considerably damaged in the roof. The house is owned and occupied by Mrs. Dickinson, who keeps a trimming store in the front room. The lightning passed down the front chimney, and set fire to some of the goods, besides stunning one of the inmates of the house, but otherwise doing no damage to the family.

The County Bridge over Darby Creek, a massive structure of great strength, was swept away while two young men were upon it, who were lost. They are Russel Flounders and the son of Mr. Josiah Bunting, of Darby. It is supposed that they were crushed by the bridge, as a portion of its materials was seen to roll over on to them as they were engulphed in the flood. Their bodies have not been found. At Kelly's Mills on the same creek, a house was carried away, and a woman named Mrs. Julia Nowlin and her four children were drowned.

On Chester Creek, the railroad bridge has been carried away, together with nearly all the road bridges. Trees, logs, fences and furniture were seen floating down it. One tree floated past the railroad with a dead man hanging in the branches, and after some efforts the body was recovered. A log, upon which a man clung, crying out for help, also floated by, but it was impossible for any assistance to reach him.

The best account of the damage in Chester and vicinity is in the following paragraphs which we extract from the correspondence of the Ledger. This is certainly the most destructive storm that has occurred in this vicinity for many years. The quantity of rain which fell is 4 033 inches, by the rain gage at the Hospital, but a fraction less than what fell during the whole month of July.

In Chester the torrent rose as if by magic, and swept angrily through the streets. The buildings which were most frail were swept away; and from others, females were borne through the angry and rushing waters, half dead with affright. Houses, dams, bridges, boats and an immense mass of lumber, furniture, mill-wheels, &c., shot by upon the current. At length, while the assembled citizens gazed, with white lips, upon the ruin, the railroad bridge, built at an enormous expense, was lifted from its foundation and flung down the stream. The next to follow was the suspension bridge. This structure was one of which every enlightened American was proud, as it was the first chain-bridge built *in the world.* Europe has since claimed the invention; but here stood—alas! it stands no longer—the proof, erected thirty years ago, that to America belongs the credit of having invented and constructed the first suspension bridge. When the mass of matter, which shot upon the stormy and roaring torrent, struck the bridge, it swayed and groaned, and at length, after a moment's resistance, its vast iron fastenings gave way with a crash, and the chains, as they grated upon each other, sparkled and flashed like lightning. It swung heavily for a moment and fell into the flood. The water now swept through many of the lower streets. I saw, this morning, a house in the middle of one street, and a shallop in another, left there by the receding stream. The nature and extent of the injury done could not then be estimated; but it was with a dismay which approached despair that citizens saw the flood roll into their storehouses and sweep their hard earnings away. This morning, however, disclosed in part the extent of the ruin. It was found that wharves, tan yards, machine shops, storehouses, lumber and coal yards, &c., had either been carried off by the flood, or ruined by the inundation. Messrs. Eyres, Kitts, Brobston, Paxton, &c., are severe sufferers. But the consequences in Chester are trivial in comparison with those which have occurred higher up on the Chester and Ridley creeks. Every bridge, or nearly every one on those two streams, has been carried away. Many of these were costly and substantial structures, and it will cost an immense sum to replace them. Most of the mills and factories upon these streams have shared the same fate.

The factories of Mr. Crozer, of Mr. Dickson, of Mr. Riddle, and others, have been swept away. Immense numbers of bales of cotton, boxes of goods, barrels of dyewood and barrels of flour, have been carried down to the Delaware, or scattered upon the meadows, into which the flood, in its fury, broke and deposited its spoil. It is believed that all the dams are gone. The pecuniary loss to individuals is frightfully great; and that which has fallen upon the county is not less appalling. The lowest estimate of loss is $850,000; but this is made up, to a great extent, upon conjecture. The county will probably be constrained to raise, by loan, the means of reconstructing her bridges, as all intercourse between the different sections of the country is now cut off.

But the loss of property, terrible as it is, is inconsiderable to the loss of life with which this affliction of Providence has been attended. It is believed that no less than twenty, and probably as many more, persons have been drowned. At one place on the Chester creek, an entire family, that of Mr. Rhoads, consisting of himself, wife, and two small children, found it impossible, so instantaneous was the rise and rush of the torrent, to escape the house, and all perished. At the Flower Mills, a devoted mulatto woman, finding that Mr. Flower was in great danger, attempted to rescue him, but the sudden dash of the flood swept her away, and she was engulfed. Mr. Flower, who was in an upper story of the mill, leaped from the window into a tree; here he remained until the torrent tore up the tree and swept it onward. He, however, succeeded in getting hold of the branches of another tree that resisted the tide, and he was saved. Several bodies have been found upon the shore and in the meadows. This fatality is to be ascribed to the unparalleled suddenness of the rise of the water. It was as if the earth had opened and poured forth her secret flood. Scarcely was the presence of danger known, before it was followed by the absence of hope. Hundreds of hair-breadth escapes are narrated. The whole country is overspread with gloom, and the consequences of last night's calamities will long overshadow the prosperity of this lovely section of country.

We learn further that five persons were drowned at Bancroft's, on Ridley creek. Fifty bridges in the county, it is said, can be counted destroyed, together with almost every milldam. Mr. Crozier's loss is supposed to be from 50 to $75,000. Kitt's pattern shop is gone, Mr. Benton's house, Wm. Kerlin's, Mr. Wm. Eyre's boardyard swept away, Joshua P. & Wm. Eyre's storehouse completely emptied. Jesse M. Eyre suffered great loss in store goods. On Ridley creek we have heard of four bridges being carried away, and a number of houses. The probability is there are many more. The railroad bridges over Ridley, Crum, and Darby, are not gone.

In New York a great deal of rain fell, but the storm of wind does not appear to have reached that city. The streets of Newark, N. J., were flooded, and basements were filled. The breast work dam of the Morris Canal gave way. The factories on Hirst River have suffered severely. On Morris Creek the crops were prostrated and bridges swept away. Three bridges on the Elizabethtown and Springfield road were washed away, and the village of Elizabethtown much damaged. From Orange we learn that a good deal of injury has been done to the track of the Morris and Essex Railroad, which it will require several days to repair. At Bellville the damage appears to have been particularly heavy. The Eagle Point Works and the Bellville White Lead Factory suffered; also, Kingsland's Paper Factory, and Rhodes' Fur Factory, and Hendricks & Brothers' Copper Works. The Newark Post says there are no less than six breaks on the Morris Canal, between that place and Patterson. Also, two breaks on the sixteen mile level. In the neighborhood of Woodbury, and for fifteen miles down the river, there was no unusual display of violence, and little damage done.

"OLD NOAH."

M. M. Noah, Esq., one of the oldest editors in this country, has just commenced a new weekly paper in New York, called the Messenger. In a late number he gives a dash at those who call him old—thus:—

"To be called *Noah* or *Methusaleh*, seems to smack of advanced age, we admit. For twenty years we have been called by some of our contemporaries 'Old Noah,' as if we were cousin german to the noble captain of the ark. Why, we are nearly thirty years younger than Major Ben Russell, formerly editor of the Centinel, who has gone fishing down east—full twenty years younger than John Quincy Adams, twelve years younger than Mr. Ritchie, who is now as blythe as a lark. We are younger than Mr. Gales, and yet our political opponents cry out, poor old fellow, he is quite *passe.* Don't put your finger in our mouth, my good masters, under the persuasion that we can't bite—there are old women enough, but not many old men of our temperate habits."

WHAT A BEAST!

The Louisville Whig states that a miserable loafer recently crawled into a cellar in that city to "get a drink." To make sure of a whole dram, he pulled the spigot from a whiskey barrel, and took the liquor as it flowed into his mouth. When he had satisfied the demands of his appetite he found himself from various causes unable to put the spicot back again. There he remained perfectly quiet for several days, resorting to the spigot of another barrel, as his thirst returned, and every time a fresh barrel was relieved of its contents. He had liberated about $200 worth of whiskey on the cellar bottom, and was too much in liquor when found to explain. A pig would have died under such cruel treatment as this beast in human shape imposed upon himself.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A carrier of the Newark Morning Post was glad to compromise with a dog for his legs the other day. The dog in a state of rabies, attempted to bite, and the carrier stopped the beast's mouth with the bundle of papers.

The Toronto Patriot announces a forthcoming work upon hydrophobia by Mr. Hughes, who says he has discovered a specific for this malady. Unless we are very much mistaken, this same thing was announced by the same man, several years ago. If indeed an effectual remedy, one would fancy that it might have fought its way into notice by this time. But the opinions of inventors and discoverers, in relation to their pet hobbies are generally in advance of the rest of the world.

A BIG SHIP.

The "Queen of the West," a vessel of 1250 tons, being the largest merchant ship ever built in this country, was launched on Saturday, at New York. She is spoken of as a magnificent specimen of naval architecture, and at the time of her launch was fully rigged and sparred. The rigging a vessel on the stocks is a costly and ridiculous innovation—a piece of expensive shipwright dandyism, decidedly unshipshape and wrong. It strains the masts and rigging—to launch a ship ataunto—and it costs much more to get the spars on board and rigging up, than it does after the vessel is launched.

A SATISFACTORY TEST.

The iron steamboat John Randolph, after nine years active service on the Savannah River, was hauled out of the water last week for repairs. On examining her bottom it was found that the wear of the iron plates of which she is built was scarcely perceptible in any part. Some indentations were found, caused by snags, which did not go through the bottom, and which were easily repaired. "This fact," remarks the Savannah Republican, "clearly tests the superiority of iron for the hull of boats plying on our rivers over that of wood."

THE ENCAMPMENT.

The encampment at Pottsville will commence on the 16th inst. Major General Wm. H. Keim will review the troops on Saturday, the 19th, and General Scott, Governor Porter, Col. R. M. Johnson, and several other distinguished persons are expected to be present. The committee intend to hold their target firing on Monday, the 21st, and propose having a brilliant display of fireworks the same evening.

THE PIRATES.

We gave last week an account of the condition in which the schooner Lavinia was found, off the coast of Massachusetts, and of the suspicion of the public that the crew had murdered the captain and robbed and scuttled the vessel. Two of the men have been arrested in New York, with portions of the property in their possession, and such other proof as can hardly fail to convict them.

A TALL GRAPE.

The New Orleans Courier of the 27th ult., says—"We yesterday saw a single grape sold for three dollars! It came from the garden of Mr. Lenoe. These grapes, thus offered for sale, are the largest we ever beheld, weighing, some of them, five or six pounds!!! This may appear incredible, but it is strictly true." Two bites might well be taken at such a cherry.

IMPORTANT—IF TRUE.

The Courier de Lyons states that water pipes of thick glass, covered with a coating of bitumen joints, are being manufactured at Rive de Gier. These pipes will, it is asserted, bear a higher degree of pressure than those of cast iron, and are 30 per cent. cheaper. Should this sort of pipes come into use, it will affect the increased demand for the metal for iron ships.

GREAT CLIPS.

Mr. Alanson M. Clark, of Swanton, Vermont, announces in the St. Albans Republican that he has sheared from a full blood merino buck, the growth of one year lacking four days, thirteen pounds and ten ounces of good clean wool; also from a full blood merino ewe, which has a lamb, 8½ pounds.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

In the Supreme Court of New York, now sitting at Albany, Judge Bronson has decided that the voluntary part of the Bankrupt Law was clearly unconstitutional and void, but how the question would ultimately be decided by the whole Court, he would not undertake to say.

PERILS OF TRAVEL.

During twenty-five years of steamboat navigation, on the Western waters, from 1816 to 1841, two hundred and twenty-eight accidents have occurred, causing the loss of 1760 lives! Of these accidents, 99 were by explosions and collapses; 30 by fire; 25 by shipwreck, from gales, collisions, &c., 53 from snags and sawyers, and 24 from different and unknown causes.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The returns from the Congressional election in this State are as yet, far from complete. In the IXth District, Rayner, Whig, is undoubtedly elected, of the others nothing positive is known. From the Vth, VI and VIIIth partial returns show the Democrats so far ahead as to give the chances in their favor.

GEN. JACKSON'S FINE.

The Mississippi Legislature has passed resolutions pronouncing the sentence of Judge Hall, imposing the fine on General Jackson, unjust and illegal—and instructing their Representatives and Senators in Congress to urge the passage of a law for refunding it, with interest.

NEW GEOGRAPHICAL WORK.

Mr. Wheaton, United States Minister at Berlin, writes to the National Institute, that Alexander Von Humboldt had just enriched the scientific world with another most valuable work, being an essay upon the physical geography of Central Asia.

MR. WICKLIFFE.

The Postmaster General is recovering from the effects of the wound inflicted by young Gardner, and no permanent ill consequences are apprehended. The young man who inflicted the stab has been pronounced insane, and sent to an asylum.

A HALE OLD MAN.

The English papers chronicle the feat of a man aged eighty-five, who walked 48 miles in twelve hours, including stoppages. This is a lesson for some of our effeminate young men.

Educational.

THE ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY.

We have already briefly noticed the exercises of the Alumnæ of the Albany Female Academy, on their second anniversary, but are induced to refer to it again by the receipt of a neatly printed report, including the prize compositions, and the address of the President, Miss M. Robinson, of New York. This address should be read by every young man and woman in the land, and is the best evidence which could be given in behalf of the system of education pursued in the Academy. The prize compositions were a Poem, by Miss Eliza Whitney, of this city, which we annex; an Essay on the Intellectual Education of Woman, by Mary Grafton—(the name, by the way, being assumed,) an Essay in French "L'Imperatrice Josephine," by Miss Delinda McCormick, of Owego, N. Y.; and a Tale, entitled, "Home Education," by Miss Mary E. Field. The story is long, and the words of the committee "beautifully written," every reader will endorse. The French Essay is more grammatically correct than a French girl would have written, being free from those idiomatic and conventional phrases, which must creep into any author's compositions in her own tongue. It will form an excellent reading exercise for beginners in the language. Of the committee by whom the prize was adjudged to the following Poem, Mrs. Sigourney was a member. It is proper to add that to other poems, and other essays and tales, beside the successful ones, high praise is given, and the committees, in every instance, appear to have found the decision no easy matter.

THE YEMASSEE.

BY MISS ELIZA WHITNEY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

It was a custom of the Yemassee tribe of Indians, to tattoo upon the hand of each male member, a broad arrow. The right to wear this emblem of the tribe was forfeited if the individual departed from the strict integrity of Indian character, and the consequence of this forfeiture were loss of caste, and exclusion from the Indian Heaven. As long as the arrow remained upon the hand, these privileges were secure, and it could only be removed from the hand of the *living* victim.

Oh! who may fathom woman's heart,
Or check the flow of founts that start
From its lone depths? With music low,
Bright streams in its wide caverns flow
Unseen, unknown to mortal eye,
'Till storm clouds on wild pinions fly;
And then, as touched by wizard spell,
The mighty waters madly swell,
And leaping o'er each barrier strong
Deluge the heart from whence they sprung.

The sunbeams in soft dalliance played
Amid a wood's wide spreading shade,
And cast the fitful wavering sheen
Upon a sad, a fearful scene.
'Twas where Savannah's waters rolled
O'er Carolina's plains of gold,
A band of forest children came,
To view an erring brother's shame—
To see the writhings—list the cry
Of more than mortal agony,
And learn how dark a doom it is
To lose the hope of future bliss.
They gathered there—the young and old—
The timid maid, and warrior bold—
The joyous, laughter-loving boy,
Whose light was Hope, whose food was Joy—
The hoary headed dim-eyed chief
Who'd deeply drunk of every grief.
All gathered there, from far and near,
With eyes undimmed by falling tear;
For the Indian weeps not, though his heart
Be bleeding with a venomed dart.
They came to celebrate that night,
The mysteries of a fearful rite,
To give to Vice its earthly due,
And shut it out from Heaven too.
The victim came—in deep disgrace
He moved to his appointed place—
And in his sad dejected mien,
The marks of grief were plainly seen.

Some eyes were lit with triumph's glare,
As though they joyed in his despair;
And some beamed love and pity yet,
Though moistened not by vain regret;
But there was one, whose pallid cheek
Told of the wo, she could not speak—
Her dark eyes, turned with earnest stare,
Upon the victim fettered there—
Her quivering lips of ashen hue,
Betokened love—the warm—the true—
Love which o'erleaps adversity,
And looks for rest beyond the sky
For not alone in lady's bower
Does love exert its mighty power—
The Indian maiden knew full well
The witchery of its potent spell;
She'd felt its raptures, drunk its bliss,
The only bitter drop was this:
Happy and calm her days had flown,
Sorrow to her was a thing unknown,
Love painted the future with pencil of light,
And hope spanned all with a rainbow bright.

But the victim youth—what was his doom,
The funeral pyre—or the dreary tomb?
Oh, no! still darker was his lot!
To live, to breathe, yet be forgot—
To be an outcast from his race,
And roam, unloved, o'er earth's wide face.
To sink unpitied to the tomb,
There aye to rest in endless gloom
Without one hope of Heaven to light
The passage through that vale of night
The arrow—emblem of their band,
Was graven on each warrior's hand;
And he who error's pathway chose,
Was doomed the arrow broad to lose;
And losing that, each tie was riven
That bound to tribe, to friends, to Heaven.

The victim of this fearful doom
Was yet in youth's unfaded bloom,
A chieftain, warlike, brave and bold,
And cast in nature's finest mould;
But Vice had lured his steps away,
Amid her thorn-hid flowers to stray,
Till 'neath Manneyto's wrath he saw
The terrors of offended law.

Tightly they bind him to the stake,
And one and all a farewell take;
The father comes—slowly he moves
To greet the son no more he loves,
For on his dark, time furrowed brow
Are written rage and anger now—
"Comest thou now," the young man cries,
Pride flashing from his fiery eyes,
"Comest thou to put another thorn
Into this bleeding breast, and torn?
Is not Manneyto's curse enough?
Make not my rugged path more rough."
"I come to curse," the father says,
"I come to curse thee, not to bless:
Thy crimes have broken the old man's heart,
Take a father's curse—thou'lt feel its smart."
The mother breaks from the gathered throng
And clasps him tenderly and long—
Manneyto, his tribe, and his father have cursed,
But the mother blesses the boy she nursed.
Oh! the mother's love is a gem of light,
And brightest shines in the darkest night!
And now a wild and deafening cry
Re-echoes through the vaulted sky;
"We know thee no more—we know thee no more,
We blot thy memory from hill and shore.
Perish forever—we know thee no more."
The aged priest with uplift hands
Before the victim proudly stands,
And in his half averted ear,
Pours tones of mingled grief and fear—
"We take the earth of Yemassee,
Her woods, her hills, her vales from thee,
We take her waters and her air,
We leave thee to thy dark despair;"
And every tongue shouts o'er and o'er,
"Yemassee knows thy name no more!"

But a maiden breaks from the yelling throng,
She who had loved him so warmly and long,
She heeds not the wild and deafening cry,
She will save the soul condemned to die!
She reaches the victim pinioned there
And her eyes beam light on his dark despair;
She stoops to breathe in his listening ear,
And he starts, those fearful words to hear—
But a smile of triumph lights up his brow,
And he cries—"It is good—strike quickly now!"
She draws a knife from the folds of her dress,
And plunges it deep in her lover's breast—
Then shouts with wild and high delight,
"I've gained thee a place in the realms of light—
I may join thee there—in that valley bright."
And the reeking blade which so late had drunk
Her lover's blood, in her own heart sunk.
That heart whose unwavering love and faith
Had triumphed o'er calumny, sorrow and death.
One lingering smile,—and one faintly heard groan,—
And their souls to Manneyto's bright valley had flown.

AONETTI.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

The annual commencement of the University of Vermont, took place at Burlington on the 3d inst. Many distinguished strangers were present. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon twenty-five young gentlemen, the graduates of the year, and that of M. A. upon a number of others. The degree of S. T. D. was conferred upon Rev. Howard Malcolm, of Georgetown, Ky., and Rev. J. J. Carruthers, of Montreal, Canada; and the honorary degree of M. A. on J. H. Spencer, William Brown, J. Hitchok, L. P. Hopkins, W. Rix, S. S. Foster, J. L. Chandler, and Sylvanus Humphrey, M. D.

After the close of the commencement exercises, the Associated Alumni held a meeting, over which the Governor of the State presided. Rev. G. B. Cheever, of New York, delivered an address upon the character and philosophy of the late Dr. James Marsh. Of this address the correspondent of the Tribune says:—"It was a most able and eloquent production, marked by all the power and beauty of thought, and of style, for which Mr. Cheever is so widely and so justly celebrated, remarking at the onset that the character of Dr. Marsh needed no special eulogy from him, on that occasion, he proceeded to set forth the character and essential aims of a Christian Philosopher—pointing out the necessity of a close union between Christianity and Philosophy, and treating at some length the most prominent points of Faith, upon which more or less of the thought and study of a Christian Philosopher must be expended."

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The annual examination of this institution, at Middleton, Conn., ended on Wednesday of last week. The degree of bachelor of arts was conferred on the following graduates:—Milton Butterfield, Nelson Cobleigh, Curtis P. Davidson, William Duvall, Jr., Nelson Goodrich, William A. Hunt, Shepard Kollock, John T. Pettee, Daniel C. Rand, John W. Round, Charles P. Rockwell, Micah Jones Talbot, John H. Twombly, Richard C. Underhill, Thomas Underwood, Ebenezer T. Whittlesey, Abram J. Wright. The regular degree of M. A. was conferred on several of the former Alumni of this institution, and on the Rev. D. C. Houghton, an alumnus of the University of Vermont. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on the Rev. Anson W. Cummings, principal of the Governeur Wesleyan Seminary. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Thomas C. Upham, of Bowdoin College, and that of LL. D. on the Hon. Levi Woodbury. The next term of the Wesleyan University will be commenced on Thursday, August 31.

DARTMOUTH.—The Annual Commencement of Dartmouth (N. H.) College took place on Thursday of last week. The exercises are represented as deeply interesting. An unusual number of the Alumni were present; among whom were Gen. Erastus Root, who had returned after an absence of fifty years, to greet with filial affection his *Alma Mater*—Hon. Daniel Webster, Gov. Hubbard, Levi Woodbury, Messrs. Newcomb, Morris, Choate and others.

The exercises before the Literary Societies were well attended. Rev. A. P. Peabody delivered the oration before the Fraternity and Friends, advocating "the Claims of Classical Studies"—Hon. Levi Woodbury before the Phi Beta Kappa, "the Future Progress of Society"—Rev. O. A. Brownson, before the Gamma Sigma, discoursed on "the Mission of the Scholar."

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, according to the 24th Annual Report, have 325 missionaries employed, and of these 250 are engaged in the home field, this side of the Rocky Mountains. Of these 20 are among the Germans, 40 among the Indians, 55 among the slaves of the South, and about 135 "in the destitute portions of the regular work." The "foreign fields" are Oregon, Texas, Liberia and Buenos Ayres. In Oregon, 7 clerical and 11 lay missionaries are employed. The laymen are teachers, physicians, farmers and mechanics. In Liberia there are 27 missionaries, none of whom are laymen. The residue of the missionaries are in Texas, with the exception of one minister, who is stationed at Buenos Ayres.

A NEW DEVICE OF THE ENEMY.—Rev. J. P. Fisher, General Agent of the American Tract Society, writing from New Orleans, calls attention to the fact that "a portion of one of the *gospels* is printed in the first part of a book, and *Paine's Age of Reason*, or some infidel, obscene, or licentious work, in the last part; and these 'good books' are carried on the flat boats and along the levees, &c."

☞ At the commencement at Rutgers College on the 26th, the President announced the following honorary degrees: that of D. D. on Rev. Abraham Messler, of Somerville, N. J., and Rev. Barnard C. Wolff, of Eastern Pennsylvania, and LL. D. on Hon. Groen Van Prinsterer, advocate at the Hague, Holland, and Gen. Pierre Van Courtland of Peekskill.

SAILING OF MISSIONARIES.—The Rev. J. Johnston Walsh, and his wife, sailed from Boston, on the 27th ult., in the ship Gentoo, for Calcutta. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh are under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and are designated to the Furrukhabad Mission, in Northern India.

☞ The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Laurin Hickok, of Western Reserve College, and that of LL. D. upon Henry Wheaton, Minister at the Court of Berlin, at the commencement of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, on Wednesday week.

☞ President Wayland, of Brown University, R. I., has given $1000 to that University, of which the income is to be distributed among students in prizes for excellence in preparatory studies.

☞ The commencement of Washington College was held at Hartford, Ct., on Thursday week. The graduating class consisted of eighteen students.

General News.

FIRE IN WILMINGTON, DEL.—On Saturday of last week a fire commenced in R. Topham's Slaughter House, Third street, Wilmington, between Orange and Tatnall, and destroyed all the frame buildings on Third street, in that square, including a stable, occupied by Mr. Cyrus Pyle, another stable occupied by Mr. Topham, a slaughter house occupied by the same gentleman, and two small houses belonging to I. Solomon & Co. Also, the Bark Mill of Mr. Finn was considerably injured. A horse and cow, together with a carriage, and several hundred pounds of beef, were destroyed.

DEATH BY A RATTLESNAKE.—On Thursday, the 22d ult., Luther Yarrington, aged three years, while playing near a hen coop at the Lehigh Water Gap, thrust his hand into the enclosure and was bitten between the thumb and the first finger of his right hand, but the reason of his crying was not known till the swelling induced suspicion—the coop was examined, and a rattlesnake found and killed. The child died two days after from the effects of the poison, which had swollen to bursting his limbs and body.

FIRES IN NEW YORK.—It appears from the official report of the Chief Engineer, that there have been 221 fires the last year, which is 32 less than that of the year previous. The loss by destruction of property was $116,000 less last year than in the preceding one. The Chief Engineer, among other suggestions, recommends the passage of a penal ordinance against the practice pursued of firing crackers and other articles of fire-works of a dangerous character, on the 4th of July.

MORTALITY AT SEA.—The brig Aurora, arrived at Wilmington, N. C., last week, from Cienfuegos, had five different captains during her voyage. She cleared in March for the West Indies, but encountered a gale off Frying Pan, returned to port, when the captain then in charge left her. Another took his place, who died in a short time in the West Indies. Another and another still, successors, died, and she was brought home in charge of the mate of a Boston vessel.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 30th ult., says:—The schooner Three Sisters was discovered yesterday, capsized, about five miles from the Lake end of the railroad. Capt. Hoffman, of the J. Dupre, went to her assistance and took off the crew and a lady. The latter, however, lost a child and a grandchild, and she herself was rescued by cutting a hole through the bottom of the vessel.

BANKS IN BOSTON.—The Boston Post says:—The banks in Boston have nearly eight millions in specie on hand at this time—a much larger amount than ever before. For several years past the average amount of specie on hand has been about three and a half millions. Money can now be had on the hypothecation of prime securities for 3½ per cent. per annum, on demand, or on four or six months.

UNUSUAL ACCIDENT.—While Mrs. Phelps was standing, on Monday, upon a balcony in front of her residence, at the junction of Third Avenue and the Bowery, in New York, she was precipitated to the ground in consequence of its giving way, and so severely fractured one of her legs, that the bones protruded through the skin. Her son was confined to the house at the time with a broken leg.

☞ The British ship Cleopatra arrived at Port Elizabeth on the 27th of April, having captured off Quillemaine, on the 12th, the Brazilian brigantine Progresso, with 440 slaves on board. The crew, with 50 of the negroes, were removed to the Cleopatra, and the remainder sent forward with a prize-master to Simon's Bay.

A DISHONEST PARTNER.—The Cincinnati Inquirer says:—"A young German prevailed on a girl, one of his countrymen, to accompany him to a ball in the evening, and while there he slipped out, went to her house and stole her trunk, containing $350 in gold, $5 in silver, and a gold and silver watch. He was caught."

☞ The St. Louis New Era says that young Spencer, the son of John C. Spencer, who committed various forgeries and ran away to Texas, is among the gang of *pseudo*-Texian banditti under Col. Snively, which is prowling along our Western border to plunder Santa Fe traders.

A STREET FIGHT.—A rencontre took place lately in the streets of Lexington, Ky., between Cassius M. Clay, and Samuel Brown. The latter fired a pistol at the former, but missed, when Mr. Clay pulled out a knife and stabbed his antagonist two or three times severely but not mortally.

☞ The New York Journal of Commerce says, that the Directors of the Long Island Rail-road Company encouraged by the success of their enterprise so far, at their session on Monday determined to put the whole unfinished portion of the road under contract immediately.

FIRE IN MEDFORD, MASS.—By a fire in Medford on Tuesday of last week, four buildings, the property of Robert Bacon were destroyed. One was a dwelling house, the others were occupied by M. Schwartz, J. Robinson & Co., and Joseph Gould for mechanical purposes.

☞ The English have taken possession of the port of Akaroa, in New Zealand, and the French naval officer in that part of the world has protested against the occupation. The French jurisdiction and law are entirely abolished throughout New Zealand.

☞ They measure milk by the bushel in Mississippi. A letter published in an agricultural paper says, that at a recent cattle show in that State, a cow was exhibited which gave one bushel and two quarts of milk per day.

DEATH BY DROWNING.—We regret to learn that the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Magie, of Elizabethtown, N. J., (Henry Martyn, aged 15 years,) was drowned on Friday, while bathing at Perth Amboy.

☞ Akron, Ohio, has four woollen factories, and a fifth just going into operation. 120,000 lbs. of Wool have been bought there this season, at an average of 23 cents per pound.

☞ The Georgia Central Railroad is now open to within two and a half miles of Macon, and in a few weeks more there will be a clear roadway from Savannah to the Ocmulgee river.

☞ The Hon. John Quincy Adams has consented to visit Cincinnati, Ohio, in November next, to deliver an address at the laying of the corner stone of the Observatory, in that city.

☞ Louis Philippe, King of the French, will be seventy years of age on the 6th of October next. Seventy of his royal predecessors have not averaged above thirty.

☞ The settlement of Florida, under the Armed Occupation Law, is rapidly progressing. It is believed 200,000 acres have already been taken by the immigrants.

☞ A colored girl, a domestic in the house of the late Enos Seely, Esq., of Bridgeton, N. J., has been arrested on a charge of causing the death of Mr. S. by poison.

☞ The United States revenue accruing at the port of New York, during July, after making deductions or drawbacks, &c., is $1,000,000.

☞ The plowing match to take place this year, under the auspices of the American Institute of New York, will come off at Paterson, N. J.

☞ There are 3650 volumes belonging to the Library of the Young Men's Institute in New Haven, Connecticut.

☞ Mr. Farnwalt, who was injured by the recent collision on the Reading Rail-road, has since died.

☞ A woollen manufactory has been established at Milwaukie, Wisconsin Territory.

Local Intelligence.

DISTRICT COURT.—The following is the arrangement of business for the September Term of the District Court:

The Term will commence on the 4th day of September, 1843, with motions and arguments, which will continue four weeks, and terminate on the 30th day of September, 1843. The ensuing nine weeks are fixed for Jury Trials.

First Period, three weeks, from October 2d, 1843, to October 21st, 1843, inclusive.

Second Period, three weeks, from October 23rd, 1843, to November 11th, 1843, inclusive.

Third Period, three weeks, from November 13th, 1843, to December 2d, 1843, inclusive.

The Trial List for the First Period will be called on Saturday, Sept. 9th, 1843, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

For the Second Period, Saturday, September 30th, 1843, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

For the Third Period, Saturday, October, 21st, 1843, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

MILITARY.—The first regiment of Volunteer Artillery, composed of the following companies:—Philadelphia Grays, Captain Cadwallader; Washington Grays, Captain McAdam; Cadwallader Grays, Captain Scott; Junior Artillerists, Lieut. Lisher; State Artillery, Captain Bumm; and National Artillery, Captain Murphy, the whole under the command of Colonel Pleasonton, left the city on Monday morning, for the purpose of performing six days duty at Camp Wayne, at Milestown, near Germantown. The regiment had six pieces of cannon and six caissons with them. The companies turned out very thin. This was, no doubt, owing to the unfavorable state of the weather.

DELEGATE ELECTION—FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—The election for delegates to choose candidates for the democratic party to represent the people in Congress and the State Legislature, and also the candidates for the different offices in the Row, came off on Monday evening, in the different wards and townships of the city and county of Philadelphia. The attendance at all the polls was large, showing that the people felt an interest in the subject before them. There are some pickings worth having in these offices.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Helverson, wife of Mr. Wm. Helverson, undertaker, died suddenly in Phoenix street, near Second. Her husband at the time was about passing with a funeral, which he was superintending, on the opposite side of the street to that where she had taken a seat on a step. He went over to her assistance, and almost at the very moment that he laid his hand upon her she expired. She was mother of two children.

☞ A man at an early hour on Tuesday morning, fell out of a second story window of the tavern at the corner of Green and Oak street. It is supposed that he was walking in his sleep. He was picked up by the watchman, and conveyed into the house, in a highly dangerous situation.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIANS of Philadelphia and vicinity, held a meeting on the 8th instant, at which appropriate resolutions were passed, in honor of his memory, and a similar course was recommended to all the physicians of that school in the United States.

FIREMEN FIGHTING AGAIN.—A small shed, near Fairmount, was set on fire, about three o'clock on Tuesday morning, and consumed. After the fire, a fight of a very disgraceful character came off between some of the members of two of the engine companies.

INCENDIARISM.—Two attempts were made on Saturday night and Sunday morning, to fire the lumber yard of Mr. Griffiss, near Pratt street bridge, Baltimore. An attempt was also made to fire this same yard about a week ago.

ARRESTED AT LAST.—Gilbert Freeland, the prize fighter, was on Saturday arrested by officer Russell of the Mayor's Office, and immediately taken on to Montgomery county, where he will be tried.

ANOTHER DELUGE.—A very heavy shower fell on Monday morning, and on Tuesday night we had more of it. It would seem that the rain deferred came down all at once.

☞ We learn that 4069 hhds. of tobacco have been already inspected, this season, in Philadelphia. Inspections during the whole of last year, only 3510.

RAIN.—The quantity of rain which fell on Monday morning, was exactly 1,060 inches.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

A SELECTION OF CATHEDRAL CHANTS, *adapted to the Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. By A. U. Hayter. Boston: Oliver Ditson. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.*—Beside the chants this selection contains, it embraces the services of the choir for the Communion, now first published in this country; and is accompanied with a pamphlet containing the words of the chants. The compiler, who is organist of the Trinity Church, Boston, prepared this work at the solicitation of Bishop Eastburn, who recommends the chants in the selection as possessing "besides their excellence as musical compositions, the important requisites of simplicity and devotional character." The object of the publication is "to introduce and facilitate a more uniform and correct style of chanting." The typography of the work is exceedingly neat; and the reputation of the compiler, and the auspices under which it is published, will go far to effect the purpose of the publication.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By John Frost, A. M. Designs by Croome. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—The present, Number 5, completes the first volume, and is accompanied by title page and index. Rich in illustrations, elegant in typography, faithful to portraits, and to costume at different epochs and in different countries, this is decidedly the most splendid American illustrated work ever published. In the letter press the author has skilfully avoided the tediousness of prolixity on the one hand, and the dryness of mere statistics on the other; and as author, draughtsman, engravers, printer and publisher have all done their duty, we rejoice to state that the public is doing its duty too, and that the Pictorial History is one of the best received works of the year. It should have a place in every American family library.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF MRS. MARGARET M. DAVIDSON. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—Mrs. Davidson is the bereaved mother of Lucretia Maria and Margaret M. Davidson, whose early developments of genius and early death have occupied so large a place in the thoughts of the reading public. Miss Sedgwick gracefully remarks in her preface to the work: "The mother's life has been in companionship with her children, and she is now tempted from her seclusion that she may still be associated with them—go forth with them on their mental pilgrimage, and for their sakes, it may be, be welcomed to many kindred hearts."

MISS BREMER'S WORKS.—W. H. Graham is ready to furnish copies of all the stories of Miss Bremer, so far as they have been translated and published. Possessing a merit beyond mere ephemeral attraction, these works are well worth preservation, and deserve a place in every household. It is impossible to rise from their perusal unimproved; and the favor with which they have been received by the American reading public, is an indication of correct taste which it is pleasant to discover.

AMERICAN NAVAL BIOGRAPHY. *By John Frost, A. M. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—The fourth number of this work is issued. It contains portraits of Hull, Allen, and Blakely, and illustrations of the engagements between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and the escape of the Constitution from a British squadron. But the most attractive ornament of this number is a medallion representation of both sides of the Hull medal. The engravings are by Croome & Devereaux.

WRONGS OF WOMEN; AND UP AND BE DOING. *By Charlotte Elizabeth. New York: M. W. Dodd. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.*—The name of the author of these two little volumes will give them a currency equal to that of the works from the same pen, which have preceded them. Charlotte Elizabeth is one of the most popular writers of the day, and what is better, nobody is sorry to hear of her success.

CHANGE FOR AMERICAN NOTES. *New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves, and W. H. Graham.*—This is a retaliation, and a good one, too, upon Mr. Dickens's American Notes. The "Change" is justly rendered, and every body who binds the two together, as many will, must admit that the "Change" is nearer the sterling standard than the "Notes."

ANIMAL CHEMISTRY. *By Justus Liebig. Edited by Gregory. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co.*—Very neatly printed, and an excellent—nay, indispensable companion to the Agricultural Chemistry, by the same author, noticed last week. The currency of such works as these among our agriculturists will increase the value of their farms one half.

THE INDEPENDENT is the title of a new daily just commenced in this city. In politics it advocates the claims of Henry Clay to the Presidency; and in local matters will of course shape its way as that natural choice, and its personal preferences may dictate. It is mostly printed by an association of practical men, and promises to be fairly conducted.

☞ Colon has sent us the Rover, the Mirror, and other magazines, and several numbers of pamphlets about Mesmerism and kindred nonsense. That is to say, it is nonsense in our poor opinion—those who think better of it are referred to Mr. C., who will furnish the documents.

LIBRARY OF SELECT RELIGIOUS LITERATURE. *Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co.*—No. 8 of this series completes Llorente's History of the Spanish Inquisition, and commences the biography of the Huguenot, D'Aubigne—not the historian.

THE HUTTED KNOLL, Cooper's new novel, shortly to be issued, will be found one of the most interesting tales he has written. He goes back to the field where he first won his reputation.

BRANDT.—The eleventh part of this serial has been received by Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves, and W. H. Graham. One more number completes the work.

☞ The Occident and Jewish Advocate, edited by Isaac Leeser has reached its fifth monthly number; and finds high favor with the people whose cause it espouses.

THE FARMERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA, *Part XII*, has been published by Carey & Hart. We have before spoken of the value of this work.

McCULLOCH'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—No. 2 has been received by Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.

THE MEDICAL NEWS.—The August number of this work has been issued by Lea & Blanchard.

BYRON.—No. 8 of the serial edition of Byron's works has been published by Carey & Hart.

☞ The Oswego (New York) county jail was opened with false keys on Saturday night last, six prisoners escaped. A reward of $130 is offered for them.

IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

We find in the Liverpool Times the following summary of facts drawn from a parliamentary report. The conclusion of the writer, embraced in the two last paragraphs,—the admission that John Bull must at last give other nations an equivalent for what he would receive, in the way of commercial advantages, is something new under the sun. The British scheme of reciprocity has hitherto been all on one side; and the change which must take place will mark a new era in the history of commerce.

"It appears from a return just laid before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Thornley, that the exports of British goods to the United States of America, in the year 1842, were less in value by the sum of nearly twelve hundred thousand pounds than they were in any previous year since 1833, and that they were less by more than one-half than the annual average exports of the nine preceding years, the average yearly exports from 1833 to 1841 (both years inclusive) being of the value of 7,880,000*l*. while those of 1842 were not of more value than 3,528,807*l*.

"This alarming decline in the largest branch of the foreign trade of the country, we regret to say, is not confined to a few, or even to several articles, but extends to all, with the single exception of tin and tinned plates, as will be seen from the following statement of the fluctuations which have taken place during the period referred to—

"The value of the apparel and haberdashery exported from England to the United States in 1833 was 127,911*l*; in 1836, 254,269*l*; and in 1842, 84,893*l*. The value of the brass and copper manufactures in 1833, was 158,456*l*; in 1836, 270,038*l*; and in 1842, 89,952*l*. The value of the cotton manufactures and cotton yarn in 1833, was 1,733,047*l*; in 1835, 2,729,430*l*; and in 1842, 487,276*l*. The value of the earthenware in 1833, was 221,661*l*; in 1836, 495,512*l*; and in 1842, 168,873*l*. The value of the hardwares and cutlery in 1833, was 711,305*l*; in 1836, 1,318,412*l*; and in 1842, 298,881*l*. The value of the iron and steel, wrought and unwrought, in 1833, was 415,515*l*; in 1836, 913,387*l*; and in 1842, 374,854*l*. The value of the linen manufactures, including linen yarn, in 1833, was 832,612*l*; in 1836, 1,686,012*l*; and in 1842, 463,465*l*.

"The value of the silk manufactures in 1832, was 251,278*l*; in 1836, 537,040*l*; and in 1842, 81,243*l*. The value of the tin and tinned plates in 1833, was 141,259*l*; in 1836, 246,378*l*; and in 1842, 144,451*l*. The value of the woollen manufactures in 1833, was 2,289,883*l*; in 1836, 3,199,198*l*; and in 1842, 892,335*l*; and the value of the other British and Irish goods in 1833, was 699,772*l*; in 1836, 1,025,398*l*; and in 1842, 422,404*l*. The total value of the British exports to America in 1833, was 7,579,699*l*; in 1836, 12,425,605*l*; and in 1842, 3,528,807*l*.

"The imports from the United States into this country, show a very different result. The import of bark has increased between 1833 and 1842, from 18,459 cwts. to 27,648 cwts.; that of salted beef from 899 cwts. to 7024 cwts.; that of butter from 1 cwt. to 3769 cwts.; that of cheese from 9 cwts. to 14,097 cwts.; that of wheat from nothing to 16,111 quarters; that of wheaten flour from 35,659 cwts. to 381,066 cwts; that of hams from 72 cwts. to 1133 cwts.; that of lard from nothing to 26,555 cwts.; that of pork from 1352 cwts. to 13,468 cwts.; that of rice from 24,114 quarters to 40,450 quarters; that of clover seed from 350 cwts. to 32,632 cwts; that of tobacco from 20,748,317 lbs. to 38,618,012 lbs.; that of cotton wool from 237,506,758 lbs. to 414,030,779 lbs.; that of turpentine from 322,486 cwts. to 408,330 cwts.; and that of sheeps' wool from 334,678 lbs. to 561,028 lbs.

"With regard to shipping, the American tonnage (entered) has increased from 229,869 tons to 319,524; and the British tonnage from 114,200 to 195,745 tons.

"After making every allowance for the more than usual embarrassment of trade in the United States, in 1842, the first part of the above return cannot be regarded as being otherwise than most unfavorable to the prospects of English industry, while the second shows that the balance of trade is turning against this country in a manner which renders it doubtful whether we shall not shortly have to pay for American cotton in specie instead of goods.

"Nothing but a very great revival of the demand for English manufactures can save us from this evil; and, without a reform of the American tariff, there is very little hope of any revival at all equal to the necessities of the case; but we must consent to make liberal concessions if we wish or hope to receive them."

"REPEAL."

The Repealers in Ireland have, through their treasurer, invested the sum of £6000 in the British funds. This, however, is but a trifle compared with the whole amount collected. Such investment is a master piece of policy, on the part of the repeal leaders, and will do more to prevent fears of violence than could be possibly done in any other manner. Of course people cannot be suspected of a design to overthrow a government in whose securities they invest their funds.

The English papers represent that Sir Robert Peel has but one organ left, among the London Press; and that the Herald, which declares that Ministers will not have recourse to any coercive measures against Ireland, for the reason that it would be the ruin of conservatism in England to identify it with civil war in Ireland. But we give below Sir Robert's own speech, from which the reader may make his own conclusions.

The affairs of Ireland have been debated in both Houses of the British Parliament. In the House of Lords a series of resolutions that the dismissal of the Irish Magistrates, on account of their adherence to Repeal opinions "was inexpedient, unconstitutional and unjust," were negatived 91 to 29.

In the House of Commons a debate was had which lasted from the 4th to the 12th of July. It was on a motion for a committee to take into consideration "the causes of discontent existing in Ireland with a view to the redress of grievances," &c. Of course every possible topic was drawn into the debate, which was closed by the rejection of the motion by 243 noes to 164 yeas. We subjoin the most important speeches.

Sir R. Peel said he should in the course of his observations endeavor to forget all personal considerations, which, though perhaps greatly adding to the zest and interest of the debate, were yet better avoided in a debate so important as that before the House. He did not believe that the Hon. gentleman who had opened the debate had any idea of entering into a solemn inquiry into the state of Ireland, but that his real object was, by carrying his motion, to declare that the House had no confidence in the present ministry. With respect to those on this side of the House who had spoken disapprovingly of the arms bill, and by implication of the course pursued by Government, he echoed the hope of Mr. Roebuck, that they would give effect to their words by their votes, as the most honest, the most manly, and to the Government the most friendly course they could pursue.

He denied that Ireland had been treated, in consequence of the union, with a more parsimonious spirit than would have been observed if she had had her own Parliament, and quoted some returns in order to prove the liberality which had been observed toward that country. It was quite impossible that Ireland could benefit by the repeal of the union in a pecuniary point of view, considering the establishments which she must then of necessity maintain. At present Ireland paid no assessed taxes, and in a recent crisis had escaped the property tax, to which the rest of the kingdom was subjected. The expense of the post-office was also borne on this side of the water, and he was surprised under such circumstances that it could be supposed that Ireland was not benefitted in a pecuniary point of view by the union.

With respect to the patronage of the Irish Church he read a letter to the Lord Lieutenant, leaving him at liberty to dispose of Church preferment in that country according to the result of his inquiries, as to the professional merits of the parties, and intimating that it was necessary for the benefit of the Irish Church that this principle should be acted upon, and that he was willing to forego all parliamentary influence rather than act upon any other principle. This letter was written in 1841, at a time when he little thought he should be ever called upon to read it in that house in self defence. Upon the subject of education the Right Hon. Baronet defended the course pursued by the Government, and in reference to the distribution of Government appointments he could assure the House that he never asked a man's country or religion when considering his fitness for office, in proof of which he referred to the appointment of commissioners of metropolitan police, both of whom were Irishmen. In the same way when he selected three sculptors to erect statues in Greenwich Hospital to three of our naval heroes, two out of the three were Irishmen, a fact he was not aware of until afterward, when he saw an attack made upon him in a public journal for extending undue favor to the people of Ireland.

These were distinctions which should not be entertained, and he hoped they would never be revived. With respect to the construction of railways he had some doubt of the propriety of taxing one part of the country for the benefit of the other, unless there was a certainty that the railway would become profitable, for otherwise it would only give a stimulus for the moment, followed by a greater state of depression than that which it was intended to remedy. In reply to an observation of Lord Howick's, he said that the Roman Catholics now enjoyed equal civil rights as the other subjects of the Crown, and that the oaths were so altered that the offensive portions relating to transubstantiation were abolished. With respect to the franchise, he would remind the House that they had come into power as was said with a large majority, but that majority had not been applied to the passing of a registration bill or to any other measure which could be said to be unjust to Ireland.

He was called upon by the honorable member for Bath to give a pledge to abolish the Established Church of Ireland, and if he believed that public necessity required it, he would not hesitate to recommend that the law respecting that Church should be modified, but he believed nothing of that sort, and he was quite prepared to refuse any such pledge, even if his refusal should lead to his loss of power. If they proposed to make the Catholic and Protestant religion, equal in every respect, they should not only take seven-eighths of the ecclesiastical revenues, but they must give up several of the edifices of the Established Church. (Several members on the opposition side—"Certainly.") But that was not all, for in order to have perfect equality they must either have Catholic bishops in the House of Lords, or else exclude from thence the bishops of the Establishment. Thus they would perceive that the measure suggested by several honorable members was much more extensive than they imagined.

When Catholic emancipation was conceded it was said that the concession would strengthen the position of the established Church, and he trusted the Catholics would not forget the pledges to that effect given by the eminent men who advocate their cause. Confident that they would act upon those pledges, he thought it safer not to interfere at all with any portion of the ecclesiastical revenues. He did not, therefore, think it right to make this concession to the people of Ireland, and if public opinion, as it was expressed in that House, should be in favor of such a concession, he believed it would be more advantageously carried into effect by others than by those who now held power. The Right Hon. Baronet then argued that the repeal of the union would be ruinous to both countries, and must lead, in less than twelve months, to a collision between them.

With respect to the course he meant to pursue, he would say that he was prepared to govern Ireland fairly and with moderation, and to give every consideration to all those measures which might be suggested as favorable to its prosperity. He was not ashamed to act with care and moderation, and he claimed for the government the right to decide upon the application of the existing law or upon the necessity of asking Parliament for measures of coercion. If the necessity should arise, he knew that past forbearance was the strongest claim to being entrusted with fuller powers when they thought proper to ask for it. It was their firm determination to oppose, by authority and by power, the repeal of the union, to the full extent of their ability, but it was sufficient to adopt the necessary measures of precaution until they found moderation unavailing. The Right Hon. Baronet sat down amidst very general cheering.

Lord John Russell said he had heard the speech of Sir R. Peel with dissatisfaction, although he thought he was right in not allowing himself to be hurried into coercive measures by the advice of irresponsible parties. He insisted upon it that the people of Ireland had not the same rights as the people of England, and he thought Sir J. Graham and Sir R. Peel had quibbled with the question as far as it related to the franchise. The Right Hon. Baronet had taken credit to himself for not using his majority in order to carry Lord Stanley's registration bill, and he used the remarkable words that he had not made use of it to perpetrate injustice to Ireland, by which expressions he affirmed that the bill was an act of injustice, and implied that it had been only mooted for party purposes while the late Government was in office.

He was of opinion that they ought not to abolish the established Church of Ireland, but he would say that they ought to raise the Catholic bishops and clergy to a footing of equality, and that principle he should be prepared to follow out to all its consequences. He knew that there would be difficulty in carrying such an arrangement into effect, for the Catholic clergy were opposed to connection with the state.

Lord Palmerston said that the debate was most remarkable both for what was said and what was left unsaid, and the speeches of some honorable members on the ministerial side he looked upon as a pretty fair indication that before long the opinions of the minority in that house would be the opinions of the majority.

He thought civil war preferable to the dismemberment of the empire; but he looked upon "repeal" to be a mere conventional cry for the redress of grievances, and that if these grievances were redressed they would hear no more of the repeal of the union. He was of opinion that the Protestant Church of Ireland might be very considerably reduced, though he was not prepared to state the extent to which that reduction should be carried. There was no country in the world presenting such a spectacle as that which Ireland afforded—no country where the poor were compelled to pay for the support of the Church of the rich. He hoped if the Government was not prepared to hold out hope to the people of Ireland, that, at all events, they would not drive them to despair—and in this respect their silence might perhaps be deemed merciful.

Miscellaneous News

FISHING WITH SLEDGE HAMMERS.—A person, writing from Frankfort, Kentucky, to an eastern editor, states a new mode of fishing, which is practised in the small streams in Kentucky, during low water. It is termed "sledge hammering," and is performed by a man wading about with a sledge hammer on his shoulder, and to every rock which he approaches he gives a violent blow with his hammer. The stunned fish rise from beneath the rock to the surface, and are basketed. The bottom of South Elkhorn, a beautiful stream, abounding in black perch, which affords fine sport to the angler, was nearly more depopulated last summer by the wondrous sledge hammer, and consequently this season the fish are very scarce.

MISSISSIPPI.—We learn from Mississippi that the bill introduced into the Legislature by Gen. Briscoe, and which contains some provisions considered by its opponents too stringent upon the Banks of the State, has passed the House by a vote of 41 to 38. It has become a law. The Legislature has made no provision for districting the State, and no appropriation bill was passed. Gen. Speight having resigned, Gen. Arthur Fox was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate. It is said the Governor has probably ere this resigned; if so, Gen. Fox will be Governor for the balance of the term.

☞ We learn from the St. Louis New Era, of the 29th ult., that Major General Gaines has directed that a military escort be in readiness to accompany the Traders who are to leave the western frontier about the middle of this month, for Santa Fe. The escort will afford them protection until they reach the Rio Del Norte, if it should be deemed necessary to go to that distance.

PHILADELPHIA SCHOONER LOST.—The Ezra Wheeler, Captain Davidson, of this port, was wrecked off Campeachy on the 11th of May, on the Triangle Bank. The captain and crew escaped to an island in safety, and were afterwards taken off. Vessel a total loss; a small part of the cargo saved.

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED.—Two men were arrested in Lancaster, on Thursday, for passing ten dollar bills on the Western Bank of Philadelphia. One calls himself Hugh Green, the other John Thompson.

☞ A large hay stack on the farm of Gen. Newton, in Alexandria county, Md., valued at between seven and eight hundred dollars, was struck by lightning on Saturday morning last, and totally consumed.

THE DELAWARE AND RARITAN CANAL.—We are informed that the injuries to the Delaware and Raritan Canal will be repaired, so that navigation can be resumed on Friday next.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF F. STEVENS, ESQ.—The Nassau (N. P.) Gazette of the 14th of July, announces the death of Frederick Stevens, Esq., Purser of the Boxer, and proceeds to say:—Mr. Stevens was the son of the late Captain Holdup Stevens, of the U. S. Navy, and had just entered the busy stage of life, being only twenty-five years of age. He was taken ill of fever on the 10th inst., and died yesterday, the 13th. His demise is sincerely lamented by his brother officers and a large circle of acquaintances. The mortal remains of Mr. Stevens were interred in Potter's Field this morning at 9 o'clock, with every honor that could be attached to the burial of an officer of a nation, whose relations with our own are of the harmonious description which happily subsist between the United States and Great Britain. The band of the 3d West India Regiment were in attendance, as also a detachment of that corps under the command of Capt. Hairing, which fired three vollies after the burial service was concluded. His Excellency, Sir F. Cockburn, attended by his private Secretary; the officers of H. M. ship Thunder and schr. Lark; the Military Officers of the Staff and Garrison, and a most respectable attendance of civilians and the few American gentlemen in town, also followed the corse to the "bourne from whence no traveller returns." It was doubtless very gratifying to the Officers of the "Boxer" as it was to ourselves, to notice the respect and attention of the authorities.

DR. HAHNEMANN.—The founder of Homœopathy died recently at Paris, aged 86. The Commerce alluding to his death, says:—"Dr. Hahnemann was born in 1775 at Meissen, of poor parents, owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heildelberg in 1781, and discovered in 1790 the new system which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1820 his experiments and researches on his new system, and then published the results of his labors, under the title of 'Matère Medicale pure.' In 1829 he published his 'Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their Remedies,' of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To these works must be added his 'Organon de l'Art de Guérir,' which ran through five editions. He also published nearly 200 dissertations on different medical subjects; and he did all this whilst occupied with patients, which took up from ten to twelve hours a day. He had the satisfaction of seeing his system, after half a century's existence, spread over every part of the globe; and just before his death he learned that homœopathy was about to have a chair at the University of Vienna, and the hospitals in all the German States, at Berlin and London.

THOMAS WATSON SHEPARD.—The Northampton, Mass., Courier announces the death of the Postmaster of that town, Mr. Shepard. He had for a number of years been in a precarious state of health. Mr. Shepard was for a long time printer of the Hampshire Gazette under the editorship of Sylvester Judd, Esq. He afterwards went into the book business and continued in it until the revulsion in 1837. He was for a while connected with the Courier. In September, 1841, he received the appointment of Postmaster from President Tyler, and held the office until the time of his death, conducting the business of the office with the utmost integrity and fidelity—traits of character which Mr. Shepard possessed without a fault. He was honorable in all his dealings and highly esteemed as a citizen.

REV. F. W. P. GREENWOOD, Pastor of King's Chapel, Boston, died on Friday of last week. The Boston Atlas, in announcing his decease says:—Although his health has been precarious for some time past, and so feeble as to render it necessary that he should discontinue his preaching, yet this early termination of his earthly career was not immediately anticipated, and his death was somewhat sudden and unexpected. He was remarkable for a clear and comprehensive mind—for extreme purity and unaffected simplicity of manners—and for his touching eloquence and ingeniousness as a preacher and minister.

COUNT WITTGENSTEIN.—The celebrated Field-Marshall, Count Wittgenstein, died at St. Petersburg on the 10th June, at the advanced age of 87. He was, as will be remembered, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies during nearly the whole of the late French war, and enjoyed the confidence of the late Alexander, perhaps, in a higher degree than any of that monarch's ministers or warriors. The Emperor upon being informed of it, gave immediate orders that the whole Russian army should wear mourning for three days.

☞ The venerable James Richards, D. D., President of the Theological Seminary, died at his residence, in the village of Auburn, N. Y., on Wednesday week, in the 76th year of his age.

Army & Navy.

TEMPERANCE IN THE NAVY.—Of the 203 men on board the U. S. sloop Boston, just arrived at Boston after a voyage round the world, only 72 drew their grog—the others, in lieu thereof, receiving six cents a day as the value of it. The boys were not allowed to draw grog. A donation of $15 from the officers of the Boston was presented to the Seamens' Chaplain at the Sandwich Islands, in aid of the Temperance cause; also, a Bethel Flag, by her commander, Capt. Long.

☞ The U. S. sloop of war Yorktown, J. S. Nicholas, commander, arrived at New York on Friday evening, from Mazatlan, Feb. 14th; Valparaiso, May 2d; and Rio de Janeiro, June 27th. The Yorktown brought $122,409 in specie, $35,571 of which is to the Secretary of State, being part of the first instalment paid by the Chilian Government, for depredations committed on our commerce in 1822.

THE GRAMPUS.—A letter from Gen. Campbell, U. S. Consul at Havana, in answer to a letter of inquiry addressed to him by the father of Passed Midshipman You, of the Grampus, not only extinguishes all hope of the ill-fated vessel, but puts an end to the idea, at one time so prevalent, that she had gone in pursuit of pirates in the West India Seas.

☞ We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle that Thomas Grosvenor King, Esq., has been appointed Military Storekeeper, attached to the Quartermaster's Department, to be stationed at New Orleans, vice Captain J. W. Kingsbury, resigned.

☞ Commodore Downes, hoisted his broad pennant on board the U. S. receiving ship Ohio on Monday morning, and was received with the customary salute on taking command of the Boston Navy Yard.

☞ The Secretary of the Navy has changed the term of naval command to two years instead of three. The object of these alterations is to make a more equal distribution of sea service among the naval officers.

☞ The U. S. steamer Missouri, Captain Newton, for Alexandria, in Egypt, and the U. S. sloop of war Decatur, Commander Abbott, for the Coast of Africa, proceeded to sea from Norfolk on Saturday last.

☞ The U. S. sloop of war Boston, J. Colling Long, Esq., commander, arrived at Boston, on Friday afternoon, from the East Indies, via Rio Janeiro; which place she left on the 28th of June.

☞ Lieut. Wm. H. Hunter, U. S. N., is now at Pittsburgh engaged in superintending the construction of a steam vessel, which is to be fitted with the engine and propeller of his invention.

☞ The U. S. brig Boxer, at Nassau, N. P., 17th ult., had lost her purser, Mr. Frederick Stevens, who died on the 15th of yellow fever.

☞ The U. S. ship Fairfield, Captain Nicholson, from Naples, was at Palermo on the 17th of June, bound up the Straits; all well.

☞ The Navy Department has ordered a section floating Dry Dock, to be built at the Navy Yard at Pensacola.

☞ The United States frigate, was at Valparaiso, May 2nd, and the Constellation was daily expected there.

Religious Intelligence.

THE MAINE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, which had been for some days in session at Bath, adjourned on the 27th ult. Upward of thirty preachers were added to the Conference. The delegates chosen to represent this Conference in the General Conference of 1844, are as follows:—M. Hill, E. Robinson, C. W. Morse, D. B. Randall, J. Hobart, H. Nickerson, and G. Webber.

☞ The Christian Watchman says a gentleman recently entered the Baptist General Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions, and counted out ten *one thousand dollar bank bills*, saying it was for the mission to China, and no questions were to be asked as to the donors.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13th.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Saint Luke's Church, Thirteenth below Spruce street. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Fourth Church, Twelfth and Lombard street. Seventh Church, Penn Square. Tenth Church, corner of Twelfth and Walnut street. Northwest Sabbath School Room, corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Willow street.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—First Church, Washington Square. Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth street. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening, but the Lombard Street Church.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

MORMON.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—Salivation is a condition of the system produced by an injudicious or improper use of mercury; and many patients, after having been brought fully under its influence, linger out a miserable existence for a few months or years, when death terminates their sufferings.

The prominent symptoms are, tenderness about the mouth, pains in the bones, depression of spirits and prostration of strength. Scrofulous and mercurial diseases embrace a wide range, and their ravages spread to a fearful extent. Hitherto these diseases have baffled medical skill, but recently a secret has been unfolded from the arcana of nature which triumphs over all opposition.

Sands' Sarsaparilla, a most invaluable medicine, prepared wholly from vegetable materials, will arrest, and, if timely administered, speedily cure scrofulous, mercurial and other similar diseases, by entering into the circulating fluids, passing through the whole animal frame, and assimilating itself with the different fibres and tissues which comprise "the wonderful medicine." It is thus that mercury and its effects are driven out of the system, by enabling the powers of nature to perform their functions properly, and restoring the patient to sound and perfect health.

For conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see certificates published in the city papers.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., P. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts., and Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

THE LATE RAINS and sudden changes have produced the usual quantity of colds, coughs and consumptions.

It should be remembered that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most delightful medicine for carrying off a cold; because they expel from the system all morbid and corrupt humors, (the cause of every kind of disease) in so easy and natural a manner, that the body is relieved of all its sufferings as if by magic.

Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, remove the most obstinate cold, at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified, that inflammation of the lungs, consumption, or any other form of disease, will be absolutely impossible.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits.*—The public are cautioned against the many spurious medicines, which, in order to deceive, are made, in outward appearance, closely to resemble the above wonderful Pills.

It should be remembered, *all genuine medicine has Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, neatly printed on the sides of the boxes, and that, *if the word Wright's cannot be found*, all is positively wrong.—

☞ *Observe.*—Purchase only of the advertised agents, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia, and be particular to ask for *Wright's* Indian Vegetable Pills.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday

	Price sold for.
200 shares Vicksburg Bank.	2¼a2½
168 do. Wilmington R. R.	11¼a11½
50 do. Girard Bank,	5½
30 do. Mechanics Bank.	18¼
23 do. N. O. Gas Bk.,	19½
18 do. Philada. & Trenton R. R.	78
16 do. Louisville Bank,	96
15 do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	85½a86
10 do. Commercial Bank, Cin.	70
$12,681 State 5's, a 5 f	49½
$4600 Wilmington R. R. 6s, 1855,	79
$2558 07 State 6's, 1846,	53a54½
$8700 City 5's, 1851a6867,	102
$3000 Tenn. 5 per cent. Bonds, March 10 and Sept. 10,	83
$500 Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	57
$1000 County 6's, 1860,	104½
$1000 Tenn. 5 per cent. Bonds, interest, May 3 and Nov. 3,	98
$52 99 State 6's, 1843,	51½
$775 County 5's, 1860, old,	96

New Counterfeits.

Miners' Bank, Pottsville, Pa. 2's altered from Relief 1's. Vignette, three men, anvil, &c. On right end a female figure, and on left end a medallion head of Washington. The plate of the genuine twos is altogether different.

Steuben County Bank, Bath, N. Y. 10's, letter B, pay H. Smith, Sept. 1, 1835. N. W. Foster, cash., G. H. Merritt, president.

Bank of Louisville, Louisville, Ky. 1's. This bank has never issued any $1 notes.

Bank of Commerce, N. Y. 5's. In the counterfeit, the engravers names, (which, in the genuine, is below the signature of the President,) Rawdon, Wright & Hatch, are omitted.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Dividends.

The Jefferson Insurance Company of New York have declared a dividend of eleven per cent. payable on the 10th inst.

The Fell's Point Savings Institution, Baltimore, has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months.

Philadelphia Market.

Grain—Wheat—On Saturday 1100 bushels were sold afloat, and 750 bushels in store, at 101½ cents, and on Tuesday 250 bushels afloat at the same price, also 1180 bushels at 100 cts. 900 bushels of Del new wheat at 99 cts. and 600 of southern at 98 cts. We quote new wheat at 95 to 97, and old at $1. Corn—We hear only of a sale of 300 bushels of Pa yellow at 56 cts, the prices range from 52 to 55 cts. Rye—The only sale reported is 300 bushels at 57 cts. Oats—950 bushels of old were sold at 31 cts; and about the same quantity of new at 27½ cts.

The *Flour* market has been rather dull, and prices unsettled. By several houses the article is still held at $4,87½, though we think not very firmly, as sales have been made at lower rates. The following have been reported to us: 700 bbls at $4,81, and 1500 at $4,75. Pa brands, 200 bbls of scraped at $4,50. Corn Meal—We hear of no sales; the common price is $2,62½. Rye flour is dull, price asked $3,25, no sales to report, except a small lot of 50 bbls.

Sugar—Sales of 90 hhds N Orleans at 7¼ cts. 4 mos, 12 at 7 cts, and 97 hhds at 6¾. For a lot of 60 hhds an offer of 7¼ cts was refused.

Whiskey—There have been sales of 250 bbls at 24 cts, 50 of which were to go to Baltimore.

Molasses—We hear of no sales this week, but prices are considered as having advanced.

Shingles—A cargo of North Carolina cedar has been sold at $11½ per M.

Fish—New mackerel No. 1 $10, No. 2 $8¼, No. 3 $5½, salmon $12½.

Plaster—3 cargoes have been sold at $2,30, $2,37½ and 2,40.

Oil—Sales of a small lot of codfish oil at $13 per barrel.

Coffee—We hear of no transactions this week.

Flaxseed is scarce, and will command $1,43.

Rice—Sales of 40 tcs at 3 cts.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 876 beeves, of which 327 were from Ohio and Michigan, 311 cows and calves, 425 swine at 1870 sheep. Beef cattle were in moderate request, 713 head, including 310 for N York sold at $4a5,30 per 100 lbs. as in quality. Cows and calves sold at $5a12 for dry cows, $10a20 for springers, and $18a28 each for milch cows. Swine sold at $3,25 a4,25 per 100 lbs, 80 over. Sheep sold at $1a3,25 each, as in quality.

Richmond, Aug. 3.—For cattle on the hoof $4 to 4,50 are the general prices. Veal $2 to 6, according to quality. Mutton $1,50 to 2,50. Lambs from $1 to 2, according to quality.

Baltimore, August 4.—165 head were disposed of at prices ranging from $2a4 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $4a5,25 net, according to quality.

Trade and Business.

Cincinnati, Aug. 4.—Flour—Nearly 400 Pease's and one or two other favorite brands were sold at $3,47 and 3,50. Whiskey has declined a shade and but two small sales were effected at canal yesterday at 18½c. New Flour—We noticed a load of flour yesterday, made from new wheat. We think it is the first that has appeared in market made from this summer's crop. The wheat was raised in Wayne county, Indiana, and the miller informs us he has not seen grain better ripened and filled out for many years. Linseed oil is selling at 70c at the mills, and is rather dull. Provisions—Our provision market is in a languid state, as usual at this period. The stock is good but not large for August. Lard is firm. A first rate article of leaf lard is held generally at 6¼c, and we think in no case can be had for less than 6¼c. No 2 4a4½c. Mess pork is still held at $9a9.50. Stock slowly but steadily diminishing. Clear pork is almost out of the market. What little there is can be bought for $10.

Charleston, Aug 5.—Cotton—The receipts for the last week amount to 467 bales, the sales to 582 bales. The transactions are 9 at 5, 10 at 5¼, 289 at 5¾, 83 at 5⅞, 3 at 5½, 48 at 5⅞, and 140 bales at 6c. About 50 bales Sea Island have been sold at prices ranging from 13½ to 15c per lb. Rice—The receipts are 574 tcs, the sales are 185 at 2¼, 83 at 2⅜, 14 at 2 7-16, 242 at 2¼, and 50 tcs at $2 9-16ths per 100. Grain—The receipts of corn have been 2000 bushels Carolina flint, and 600 bushels from New Orleans. The former parcel brought 60, and the latter 54c per bushel.

Augusta, Aug. 2.—Cotton—The week past was a quiet one, until Tuesday, when sales to about 400 bales were made at prices equally as firm as they were previous to the last accounts from Liverpool; we quote 4½ a6½ as the extremes of the market. Business—The trade with the interior has been quite light for the week past. Freights continue as last reported; the river is in good steamboat order.

Buffalo, Aug. 5.—There were a few sales of flour yesterday at $3.75a4, but not sufficient to give a correct indication of the state of the market. A lot of 6000 bushels Illinois wheat sold at 79 cts, 2100 bushels Ohio at 82, and 1500 bushels at 81. Corn is nominally at 35 cts, but as holders are not willing to part with it at this rate, there are few or no sales.

The Albany (Ga.) Courier of the first instant, says: We received a few days since, from the plantation of Capt. Lott, of this county, a boll of cotton which had matured and opened on the 16th ult. The crops generally in this county are good, and as forward as could be expected after a late spring.

A gentleman from Williamsburg District, (says the Columbia, S. C. Carolinian, 3d instant,) informs us that the cotton crop looks very promising in many places he passed through, and that on the plantation of John N. Frierson, Esq., in Sumter District, he saw cotton open on the 25th ult.

The Tallahassee Sentinel of the 18th ultimo says:—A friend has brought us a boll of new cotton, fairly opened, from the plantation of Mr. E. M. Garnett, of this county. We at first supposed it might have been prematurely ripened, but are told there are plenty more in the field.

New York, Aug 9.—Ashes—Sales of about 150 bbls of pots at $4.37½a4.31¼. Pearls are worth $5,31¼. Cotton—The market is dull again. Sales yesterday of about 300 bales. Flour—Small sales of Genessee continue to be made at $5, and of Michigan and Ohio at $4,75a4,87½.

Cleveland Aug. 3.—The canal receipts to day are 6682 bushels wheat, and 2204 bbls flour. 3800 bushels of Thornport wheat, a good sample, was taken at 81 cts. Nothing doing in flour.

At *Boston*, last week, the market maintained a very buoyant feeling. Cotton was in active demand. There was no change in the prices of flour and grain.

At *Pittsburg*, on the 3d instant, the rivers continued navigable. Very little flour was coming in. The current was $4 to 4¼, wheat 80c, oats 24a25c.

At *Alton*, on the 28th ultimo, the price of wheat had fallen a shade, 56 to 60 was paid by the millers, flour $4 to 4¼, corn 17 to 20 cts.

At *St. Louis*, on the 29th ult., flour was held at $3¾ to 4¼, wheat 55 to 65, corn 21.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the U. S. S. Post from the 26th July to the 8th August.

June 26, received from			
W. C. Dickinson	$6 50	S. Spiker	2 00
A. Lovelace	10 00	J. Barke	5 00
S. Tyler	2 00	Kens. Institute	3 00
W. Phillips	1 00	W. H. Benner	2 00
Mrs. M. Gaillard	2 00	J. Aitken	2 00
W. A. Pierce agt.	40 00	J. A. Moore	2 00
D. Eveland	4 00	J. Stevenson	2 00
J. M. Miller	2 00	J. P. Waugh	2 00
July 27.			
M. W. Hunt	2 00	J. C. Gentry	2 00
S. Mosely	6 00	M. Morrison	2 00
J. Roberts	2 00	Ira Allen	2 00
S. C. Bonner	5 00	J. Sibley	2 00
G. D. Boyer	5 00	J. Probasco	4 00
J. Stover	10 00	D. Lowellyn	2 00
July 28.			
I. E. James agt.	90 00	Jane Day	2 00
J. Pyke	5 00	H. P. Ellis	2 00
S. H. W. Whitaker	5 00	E. Hunn	2 00
Ira Ayres	4 00	E. Shull	2 00
J. M. Case	2 00	Mrs. Callen	2 00
J. Bachelder	2 00	S. Richardson	4 00
I. Tyler	2 00	J. Lees	15 54
J. Peck	1 00	A. W. Carpenter	2 00
P. Keicholtz	2 00	J. Wilkinson	2 00
O. Cock	2 00	J. W. Hayhurst	2 00
G. Lippincott	6 00	J. B. Clark	1 50
H. Boyer	1 50		
July 29.			
J. McPherson	2 00	W. K. Espy	5 00
C. Taylor	2 00	G. C. Shaw	2 50
S. G. Landis	5 00	W. Elder	2 00
C. Smith	1 50	L. Crouch	1 00
M. D. Conklin	5 00	E. Pepple	2 50
H. B. Clements	2 00	W. Dunn	2 00
L. Pattillo	10 00	T. Wilson	1 00
J. R. Baird	2 00	G. E. Reilly	12 30
W. Dunbar	2 00	J. W. Newberry	2 00
July 31.			
H. M. Lewis agt.	66 87	H. King	2 00
E. Stocker	2 00	T. Penney	10 00
E. B. McCall	2 00	A. G. Boynton	2 00
R. H. Lafferty	2 00	N. W. Covington	5 00
J. Stafford	2 00	J. Lees	1 68
L. Augin	2 00	J. Pierce agt	48 00
A. R. Seamans	10 00	Miss S. A. Webster	2 00
J. E. McIntosh	2 00	A. Lawson Jr.	2 60
Maj. F. Baughner	2 00		
August 1.			
J. D. McGill	2 00	E. Mulford	2 00
W. H. Ferguson	2 00	E. S. Atwood	2 00
J. Campbell	2 00	B. Beecher	2 00
W. M. Reynolds	2 00	L. A. Spencer	2 00
R. Bailey	2 00	Mrs. S. M. Roe	1 00
L. A. Mikseh	2 00	Z. H. Vernon	6 00
D. Clark	3 00	C. Winslow	12 00
J. S. Magill	5 00	M. Way	2 00
R. T. Bentley	2 00		
August 2.			
A. Atkinson	2 00	J. Neville	2 00
J. P. Dugan	3 00	I. E. James agt.	5 78
J. B. Connelly	2 00	J. Kinsil	1 25
J. Donlinger	1 00	T. Crawford	1 25
Mrs. A. Kauffman	2 00	E. T. Baker	2 50
Dr. S. B. Stabbs	2 00	W. Heidenreich	2 00
August 3.			
F. W. Sweigert	3 00	J. Millard	2 00
L. D. Eastman	11 00	J. Bees	2 00
W. H. Bowman	2 00	E. C. Durfee	2 00
R. Frazier	2 00	N. Montgomery	1 00
Dr. W. H. Winslow	2 00	E. M. Watts	1 50
B. Mackall	5 00	W. Jack	3 00
A. Hood	5 00		
August 4.			
H. M. Downer	5 00	J. Walker	2 00
N. Harris & F. C.		J. McIntyre	2 00
Brookman nott	1 25	G. D. Rudolph	2 00
J. A. Spruell	2 00	D. Dickey	2 00
B. Wait	1 00	C. Bacon	2 00
J. Keyser	2 00	J. Elder	1 50
B. Case	5 00	B. Marot	11 75
E. Karr	2 00	J. McIlhaney	2 00
S. Watson	2 00	E. S. Hill	2 00
J. Scolley	1 00	B. Wells	2 00
W. Newell	2 00		
August 5.			
J. Crosson	1 00	E. Green	2 00
J. W. Whitaker	1 50	A. Hendrickson	2 00
T. S. Reid	2 00	G. Brandt	2 00
W. Ness	2 00	P. Meyers	5 00
J. Gridley	2 00	D. Eldridge	3 00
August 7.			
J. Hale	2 00	J. Drake	6 00
R. S. Hasen	2 00	J. G. Osborne	1 25
G. Headlock	2 00	North American	1 66
S. M. Brown	2 00	W. S. Barling	1 75
J. Harman	1 00	P. M. Tabb	20 00
J. Kimball	2 00	L. Cake	2 00
B. King	5 00	R. Smyth	2 00
August 8.			
D. Hollingshead	2 00	F. Tomlinson	10 00
Mrs. M. Cameron	2 00	R. C. Hayes	2 00
W. Moore	4 00	E. Smith	4 00
Dr. J. C. Weidler	2 00	E. H. Drake	2 00
S. Tyler	10 00	C. W. James agt.	150 00
W. H. Phelps	10 00	J. V. R. Hunter	2 00
J. H. Low	2 00	W. W. Batton	2 00
W. Haines	2 00	J. S. Buckmaster	2 00

HEALTH OFFICE, AUGUST 5, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 29th of July to the 5th of August.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Liver,	1	0	Brought over,	25	56
Croup,	0	1	——Typhoid,	1	0
Congestion of the Lungs,	1	0	Hemorrhage from Bowels,	1	0
——Brain,	2	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	3
Cholera Infantum,	0	25	——Bronchi,	1	0
——Morbus,	0	1	——Lungs,	2	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	3	——Bowels,	2	4
Convulsions,	0	3	——Throat,	1	0
Cachexia,	1	0	Insanity,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	1	4	Intemperance,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0	Malformation,	2	0
——Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	1	5
——Head,	0	7	Mortification,	1	0
——Breast,	1	0	——Lungs,	1	0
——Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Palsy,	1	0
——Liver,	1	0	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Drowned,	2	2	Still Born,	0	5
Dysentery,	1	2	Teething,	0	1
Debility,	0	3	Tetanus,	0	1
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Ulceration of the Throat,	1	1
Fever, Congestive,	1	0	Unknown,	5	2
——Scarlet,	0	4	Wounds,	1	0
Carried over,	25	56	Total, 131—	46	85

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 8 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock
July	29,	79	81	80
	31,	65	66	65
Aug.	1,	68	73	75
	2,	69	75	78
	3,	70	76	80
	4,	72	77	80
	5,	70	72	73

H. HAMMOND'S PATENT UPPER AND IMPROVED LOWER WINDOW SASH SPRINGS.—With these Upper Springs, all kinds of windows can be fixed so as to lower the Upper Sash, which may be let down a part way without a possibility of being opened any further from the outside, which makes them superior to every other fastening for windows that are hung with weights. They took a premium at the American Institute in New York, and have been considered as a very superior article by the best Carpenters throughout the country, wherever introduced. They are warranted not to lose their elasticity or break; have points with them for preserving the notches in the sash, and directions for selecting the appropriate sizes, and properly putting them into windows.

At wholesale in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Erie, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis and New Orleans.

Also for sale at stores selling Hardware generally through Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio, and have been partially introduced in New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa Territory, Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Kentucky and Virginia.

N. B.—Windows should be made narrow, high, with parting strips and both sashes the same size. These springs can be put to old windows in houses the same as if new. Prices to suit the times. 11*

HOVER'S INK.—The rapidity with which this Ink has attained its present popularity, is only understood by its actual use.

From the New Haven "Temperance Fountain."

Writing Ink.—Decidedly the best article that we have seen in the way of black Ink, is prepared by Mr. Joseph E. Hover, of Philadelphia, a bottle of which we are now using in preference to all others. It flows freely, and if we can only make it write good temperance articles, we shall not hesitate to recommend it to our readers. Mr. H. likewise prepares a fine *Red Ink*, and a *Permanent Ink* for marking linen, &c. but we have not yet had an opportunity to try their quality. If they are as good as the black they cannot fail to meet a rapid sale.

These articles are sold in this city by Messrs. Durrie & Peck.

For sale at No. 166 NORTH THIRD Street, 6 doors below Race, (east side,) Philadelphia, by

JOSEPH E. HOVER, Manufacturer.

Also, for sale at the agent, G. F. Nesbitt's, corner of Wall and Water streets, New York.

☞ Also, for sale at the office of the United States Saturday Post, number 98 Chesnut street, at the manufacturer's prices.

HARDWARE.

MOORE, HEYL & CO.

130 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

KEEP constantly on hand a large assortment of Foreign and Domestic Hardware and Cutlery suitable for country sales, for which they will receive orders or sell cheap for cash or approved credit, and solicit an examination of their stock by purchasers visiting the city.

MARMADUKE MOORE,
THEODORE C. HEYL,
FRANCIS HEYL.

mar 11 eow 6m*

INFORMATION WANTED OF HENRY B. STONE, who is supposed to reside with Mr. KNIGHT STONE, somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania. Any information respecting either of the above mentioned gentlemen will be thankfully received at this office. jy 29 3t

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

ALMANAC.

August, 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
12 SATURDAY,	5 8	6 52	3 37	
13 SUNDAY,	5 9	6 51	4 19	D. H. M.
14 MONDAY,	5 10	6 50	4 50	
15 TUESDAY,	5 11	6 49	5 40	
16 WEDNES.	5 12	6 48	6 24	First 2 6 19
17 THURSDAY,	5 14	6 46	7 9	Full 9 11 49
18 FRIDAY,	5 15	6 45	7 56	L'st 16 1 44
19 SATURDAY,	5 16	6 44	8 48	New 23 9 30

Married,

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL LODENSCHON, to Miss JANE MAJOR, both of Spring Garden.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bronson, JOHN H. ECKY, to MARY B. HARVEY, all of this city.

In N. Y. on the 27th June, by the Rev. John B. Dales, of Philadelphia, Mr. PHILO PARSONS, of Perry, Wyoming county, N. Y., to Miss ANN ELIZA, daughter of Daniel T. Barnum, Esq. of Leicester, Livingston co.

At St. Peter's Church, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. W. W. Bronson, JOHN H. ECKY, to MARY B. daughter of the late Chas. Harvey, Esq. all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. W. S. R. SELBY, to Miss MARGARET EBRU, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. John Perry, Mr. JAMES DAVIS, to Miss PRISCILLA L. WHITECAR, all of this city.

At Morrisville, Madison county, N. York, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Harrington, ALFRED TAYLOR, of the firm of Taylor, Murdock & Co., Charleston, S. C., to SOPHIA, youngest daughter of Alanson Edwards, Esq. of Syracuse, N. Y.

On the 3d inst. at Greenway, in the county of Charles City, by the Rev. Wm. Thos. Scovill, JAMES M. WILLCOX, Esq. to Miss VIRGINIA, eldest daughter of Robert W. Christian, Esq.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Wm. Urie, DAVID CLOUD, to SUSAN C. WOODLEY.

On the 23d ult. at Norristown, by the Rev. R. M'Namee, JOHN L. MOSES, of Chester county, to MARY E. JACOBS, of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, A. E. STEPHENS, to MATILDA, daughter of Mr. George Hacker, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Barrows, Mr. JONATHAN PARRY, of Byberry Township, to Miss ELIZA WAKEFIELD, of this city.

At Fort Washita, 8th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, Lieut. JOHN D. BACON, U. S. Army, to Miss VIRGINIA L. BEALL, daughter of Major Benjamin L. Beall, U. S. Army.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the 3d instant, Mr. SAMUEL PAUL, to Miss CATHARINE F. CHANDLER.

In Baltimore, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. McJilton, WASHINGTON, REID, U. S. Navy, to MARA, daughter of Thomas Whelan, of Baltimore.

On the 21st Sept. 1842, by the Rev. Mr. Childs, Mr. HENRY DECKER, to Mrs. ANN MALLEN, both of this city.

Died,

Suddenly, on the 8th inst. Mrs. CHRISTIANA, wife of Wm. Helverson, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 8th inst. CHAS. C. MANY, late of Albany, N. Y., in the 34th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Miss REBECCA SHAFFER, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY BARRON, in the 77th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Miss LETITIA WILSON, in the 39d year of her age.

On the 9th inst. FREDERICK STEELMAN, in the 46th year of his age.

On the 8th inst. JOHN, son of Jas. and Mary Carr, in the 8th year of his age.

On the 8th inst. JANE GROW, in the 66th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. ANN TRACY, in the 81st year of her age.

On the 8th inst. THOMAS CALLENDER, infant son of Robert Donnell, in the 3d year of his age.

On the 7th instant, JULIA ADELIA, infant daughter of Wm. and Emma Trinkle, aged 1 year, 2 months and 19 days.

At Wilmington, on the 8th inst. ANN JANE, consort of Wm. Howell.

Suddenly, on the 6th inst. PHILIP CARLIN, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 8th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Horatio and Elizabeth Geary, aged 19 months.

On the 28th ult. at Schellsburg, Bedford county, Pa., GEORGE FRANK, late of this city.

On the 6th inst. Mr. JAS. SMITH, Sr. in the 73th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. Miss CATHARINE CARTER, in the 21st year of her age.

At the Insane Asylum, Blockley, on the 7th instant, Mrs. MAGDALEN ANDERSON, in the 66th year of her age.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. WILHELMINA RECKHOW, wife of Alex. Reckhow, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. MARTHA EATER, daughter of Henry and Mary Hinckle, aged 6 years, 7 months and 6 days.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH MOORE, in the 49th year of her age.

On the 7th instant, Miss ELIZABETH ORR, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 7th inst. SAMUEL W. youngest son of William and Louisa Barr.

On the 7th inst. Miss CATHARINE NOWLAN, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 6th instant, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs. MARGARET FENIMORE.

On the 4th inst. Mr. WM. DICKSON, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARY BROWN, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. in the 23d year of his age, DANIEL WHITEHOUSE, formerly of Staffordshire, England.

On the 5th inst. JAMES BELLMIN, in the 21st year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 5th instant, at Kelly's Mills, Darby Creek, Mrs. JULIA NOWLIN, and her four children.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH R. infant daughter of Benj. E. Valentine.

At St. Josephs Roman Catholic Asylum, on the 3d inst. Sister PETRONILLA, superior to the same asylum for many years.

On the 4th inst. MARTHA B. wife of Robt. C. Hemphill, and daughter of the late Wm. P. Bryan, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. ELLEN, daughter of Henrietta and J. Q. Adams, aged 13 months and 9 days.

On the 4th inst. MARY, infant daughter of Saml. and Mary A. Webb.

On the 1st inst. JAMES LITTLE, aged 82 years, formerly of Baltimore, a soldier of the Revolution.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. RACHEL M. wife of Mr. Chas. Smith, in the 40th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. SAML. STAATS, infant son of Saml. S. Taylor, aged 4 months.

On the 3d inst. HESTER A. HUBBS, aged 32 years.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH SCHAFER.

On the 4th inst. WM. STRAHEY, aged 54 years.

On the 1st instant, at the residence of her son, near Flushing, L. I. Mrs. CATHARINE BROWN, of Philada. in the 75th year of her age.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,

No. 25 South Third Street,

Philadelphia, August 12th, 1843.

MAINE.		Harrisburg,	2½ dis
Calais bank,	10	Middletown,	2½ dis
Agricultural bank,	-	Carlisle,	2½ dis
City bk. Portland,	-	Columbia Bridge,	2½ dis
Damariscotta,	-	Northumberland,	par
Mercantile bank,	-	Minors bk at Potts.	2½ dis
Stillwater canal bk.	-	Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	2½ dis
Bangor Com. bank,	-	Pitts. demand notes,	2½ dis
Westbrook bank,	-	Towanda,	[illegible] dis
Citizens bank,	-	York,	2½ dis
Globe bank,	-	Gettysburg,	2½ dis
Washington co.	-	Chambersburg,	2½ dis
Frankford bank,	-	Waynesburg,	4 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Brownsville,	2½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Erie,	5 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Berks county bank,	75 dis
VERMONT.		Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bank of St. Albans,	3	Bk Susquehanna co	27 dis
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis	Lewistown,	3 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
MASSACHUSETTS.		West Branch bank,	35 dis
All solvent banks	½a¾	**MARYLAND.**	
RHODE ISLAND.		Baltimore banks,	¼ dis
All solvent banks,	¾a1	Patapsco banks,	1 dis
NEW YORK.		Mineral bank,	1 dis
New York City,	¼ dis	Fredericktown,	1 dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud	Hagerstown,	1 dis
North River Bank'g Co.	do	Westminster,	1 dis
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do	Williamsport,	1 dis
Globe Bank,	do	Cumberland,	2 dis
Wool Growers bank,	failed	Salisbury,	5 dis
Millers bk of Clyde	25	Franklin bank,	20 dis
Far bk. Seneca co.	30	Susquehanna,	broke
Com bk. New York	2½	Millington,	broke
Lafayette bank,	-	Frederick County bk	1 dis
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	-	Broken bks.	various prices
Dry Dock bank,	1	Balt. Ohio R R notes	12 dis
N. Am. Trust Co.	-	**DELAWARE.**	
Bk. Buffalo,	10	Bank of Delaware,	par
Lewis Co	50	Wilmington and Bran.	par
Com bk. Buffalo,	50	Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
All solvent banks,	¾a1	Union bank,	par
Country banks,	1 dis	Bank of Smyrna,	par
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co, Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters,	Broken.	**DIS. OF COLUMBIA.**	
		Washington City,	dis
		Georgetown,	dis
		Far. & Mechanics,	dis
		Alexandria,	dis
		Bank of Alexandria,	broke
		Mechanics bank,	broke
		Franklin bank,	no sale
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud	Merchant's bank,	do
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do	**VIRGINIA.**	
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do	Bk of Va & branches,	1 dis
Red Backs,	1 dis	Farmer's bk & brchs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Valley bk & branch,	1 dis
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par	Ex. bk & branches,	1 dis
Princeton bank,	par	Wheeling,	2 dis
State bank at Camden,	par	Wheeling pos notes,	2 dis
Cumberland bank	par	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Mount Holly,	par	All solvent banks,	1½
Salem Banking Co.	par	Small notes,	
N. Hope D. Bridge,	15 dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Tren. Banking Co. old	par	All solvent banks,	1½
New plate,	par	Small notes	
All other banks,	par	**GEORGIA.**	
Farmers and Mechanics Bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale	Bank of St. Mary's	3
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke	Ocmulgee,	-
Washington b'king Co.	do	Monroe R. R.	-
Franklin bank,	do	Columbus,	-
Jersey City bank,	do	Phenix bk	-
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do	Exchange bk.	-
Protec. and Lombard,	do	Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do	Central bk. of Mill.	-
State bank at Trenton,	do	Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do	Bankserv. Bkg. Co.	-
Mec. bk Patterson,	do	All solvent banks	2a3
PENNSYLVANIA.		**ALABAMA.**	
Philadelphia banks,	par	All solvent banks	18 dis
Man. and Mec. bk.	par	Small notes,	20 dis
Moyamensing bank	par	**OHIO.**	
Penn Township bank	par	Cincinnati	2 dis
U. S. Bank notes,	35 dis	Bank notes,	2½ dis
Girard do.	15 dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
Penna. do.	par	Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
Germantown,	par	State bank,	62½ dis
Del. co. at Chester	par	**KENTUCKY.**	
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par	Notes,	2 dis
Montgomery county,	par	Small Notes,	3 dis
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par	**LOUISIANA.**	
Farmers bk Reading,	½ dis	All solvent banks	3
Easton,	par	**MISSOURI.**	
Lancaster co. bk	½ dis	All solvent banks	3 dis
Northampton,	no sale	**INDIANA.**	
Lancaster bank,	½ dis	All solvent banks	3½ dis
Fa. bk. Lancaster	½ dis	**FLORIDA.**	
Lebanon,	½ dis	Wm Life & Tr. Co.	-
		CANADA.	
		Montreal	5

Exchange on New York,		½ dis a ½ prem.
"	Boston,	
"	Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,		
Country Relief Notes		3½ dis
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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

NEW VOLUME. JULY, 1843.

EDITORS,

GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

The second semi-annual volume of Graham's Magazine, for 1843, was commenced with the July number. The Publisher and Editors, while expressing satisfaction of the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the periodical literature of the country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the Twenty-Third Volume. As is well known, no other magazine ever published in the English language, has presented such an array of illustrious contributors. ALLSTON, BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, HERBERT, GRATTAN, LONGFELLOW, PAULDING, WILLIS, WILDE, constitute, alone, a corps equal to any ever before engaged for a single work. An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany, articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with our other old contributors, will continue to enrich our pages with their productions; and several eminent authors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages, among whom are FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, DR. BETHUNE, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, JOSEPH C. NEAL, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, and others, will hereafter be added to the list. Of course, therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character, will be unsuccessful. In every department the highest talent of the country will be enlisted and no effort spared to maintain its present reputation as the leading literary periodical of America. Articles will appear in the Twenty-Third Volume from each of the following distinguished writers:

James K. Paulding, Author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward Ho!" etc. etc.
Fitz-Greene Halleck, Author of "Fanny," "Alnwick Castle," etc.
James Fenimore Cooper, Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home as Found," "The American Democrat," etc.
Richard H. Dana, Author of "The Buccaneers," "The Idle Man," "Discourses on Shakspeare," etc.
William Cullen Bryant, Author of "The Ages," "The Fountain, and other Poems," etc.
T. C. Grattan, Author of "Highways and Byways," "Jacqueline of Holland," "History of the Netherlands," "The Heiress of Bruges," etc.
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N. P. Willis, Author of "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," "Inklings of adventure," "Letters from under a Bridge," etc.
Charles Fenno Hoffman, Author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," etc.
William Falconer, Author of "Translations from Contemporary French and German Poets," "Residence in the Isle of France," etc.
Henry William Herbert, Author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," "The Maid of Orleans," "Ringwood the Rover," etc.
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Theodore S. Fay, Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida, etc."
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Gems from the Poets.

THE MERRY HEART.

BY HENRY HART MILMAN.

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits—light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth—
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favor;
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behavior.
But life was short,—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season;
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know, 's a reason fair;
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind;
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humor find.
Yes,—let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share;
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

Selected Articles.

THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

BY MISS SKELTON.

It was a dreary morning in November; the rich banker, Mr. Brandon, was seated in his private room, busily engaged in writing: he was interrupted by the entrance of a clerk, announcing that a lady, who desired to see him for a short time alone, was waiting at the door of the banking-house; she had arrived in a hackney-coach, and had sent in a message to this effect, not wishing to alight until assured that Mr. Brandon was disengaged and willing to receive her.

The clerk delivered his message; Mr. Brandon looked both puzzled and annoyed, but gave orders to admit the lady.

Mr. Brandon was about sixty years of age; he had commenced life as the junior clerk of the establishment; he had risen by gradual and regular rotation to the dignity of senior partner; in person he was commonplace, not to say vulgar, about the middle height, stout, and clumsily made, his features large and prominent, his face red, his eyes round, blue and unmeaning, his thin locks plentifully sprinkled with gray, his manner was precise and formal, his dress plain and old-fashioned.

He placed a chair for the reception of his visitor; and seating himself gravely in another beside the fire, folded his hands before him, and awaited her appearance. The door opened to admit her; she entered; it closed behind her; she advanced into the room, and the banker started from his seat.

She was young and beautiful, tall, magnificently formed, with a face whose beauty of features was its least charm, so intellectual was the expression, so sparkling with the light of genius, so beaming with the fire of an unquenchable energy.

Her dress was plain, and evidently selected with a view to economy, but tasteful and elegant. There was in her whole style and manner, that decision and confidence which is the result of high fashion, and that ease which intercourse with the world alone can give. The banker sprang forward to meet her; he took her hand affectionately—"Madeline," he said, "you have returned at last! How glad I am to see you again! I thought you dead, or lost,—lost to me for ever. Where have you spent the interval since we met? Why have you hidden yourself from me? Oh, Madeline! I have suffered much for you!"

"Do not call me Madeline; I am no longer Madeline Vernon; I am——"

"Married! Madeline. Say not so. Married!" and the banker actually gasped with excitement.

"No—no!" said the lady smiling; "but am no more known by that name; and those with whom I reside, call me Mary Clinton."

Mr. Brandon remained silent; she spoke again.

"I could not continue dependent on you,—I could not live on your bounty; I resolved to find subsistence for myself, or perish. I have had many struggles,—I have suffered much,—but I have succeeded; and I seek you again, to thank you for your past kindness—to entreat your continued friendship. I am happy; at least, I am content. I have obtained a situation as a governess; I reside in an obscure and gloomy part of the city; but the family I serve is opulent. My salary is a liberal one; and if I have no pleasures, at least I have few annoyances, and no insults!"

She spoke quickly, and with an effort, and she ceased abruptly.

"Oh! Madeline! is this a life for you?"

"I have no choice," she answered; "I must submit to my fate."

"You have a choice. I have offered you all I have to offer. I renew my proposals—be my wife."

"No, Mr. Brandon! I thank you—from my heart, I thank you!—but it cannot be. Pity me not—I am happy!"

"Happy! Madeline Vernon, do you remember what you have been?"

"Yes, I remember—I remember!"

"And I, too, remember!" (And the banker, rising, paced the room with hurried steps.) "I remember all—I can tell you all! I can recall those times when, among the proud, your father was the proudest; when, among the gay and lovely, you were the gayest—the most beautiful! I can go farther back, and I can see your mother—you are her image, Madeline!—she whom, as a dream, was ever present to my sight—she whom, as a dream, I worshipped! Well, she married. She chose your father—the gallant, the admired Henry Vernon—and they were happy. Then I can recall your birth—you, their only child!—and from the first, I loved you—I loved you for her sake! I can recall their rapid rise from affluence to the possession of enormous wealth—their luxury! Then she died."

"A few years pass away, and you take her place. You appear, the mistress of matchless charms—the heiress of untold riches. Who so admired! so courted! How often have I watched you, when you saw me not! In the Park, at the Opera, who so gallantly attended!—who greeted with so deep a homage as Madeline Vernon, the only daughter of the wealthy banker—the proclaimed heiress of the 'Merchant Prince?' Your suitors, also, were they not numberless? What was not offered to your acceptance!—what did you not reject! Rank, title, station—personal qualifications that might cope with such as yours—fortunes equal to your own. Ah! what might you not have been!—ah! what are you now!

"Well, the sequel—the sequel. Ah, now you weep! Your father, he becomes a bankrupt!—worse, worse—a dishonored bankrupt! But one way lies before him—but one path, dark and gloomy; on that he enters—by that he escapes all—shame, insult, contumely! He dies! I will not dwell upon his death of horror; but you were left—young, beautiful, alone. Young, beautiful, alone, and poor, my child, what snares were around thee! Then I came—I, your dead mother's humble lover!—I, your dead father's early friend!—I, your own most passionate adorer! I rescued you from want—from insult—from despair—and I dared to speak of love! I was, I fear, too hasty, too inconsiderate in my proposals;—my love was rejected! You left me. But, Madeline, your suitors, where were they! The gay train of knights, vowed to your service—the proud young nobles, who laid their pride and their nobility at your feet—where were they! They fled at the first shadow of misfortune, or those who remained stayed but to wound with expressions of contemptuous pity, or insult with baser proposals. They fled, and you were desolate. Was no one faithful?"

"Yes, one," murmured Madeline, as she hid her face in her hands—"*one!*"

"And that one, Madeline, do you still hope and live for him?—do you still love each other?"

"Yes, yes!" said Madeline, rising, with sudden energy—"we still love each other—we still love each other—we fight still! I will not desert him! He clung to me through all—I will cling to him, and we shall yet be happy!"

"Madeline!" exclaimed the banker, and he knelt before her—"accept me! I offer you a station equal to the one you have lost—wealth above your wildest dreams, luxuries beyond your utmost wishes. I will raise you above the proudest of your late admirers—the parasites, the favorers, the faithless ones of former days. You shall set your foot on their necks. Gold, diamonds, equipages—these will not bribe you. I offer you power—independence—the power of doing good—the independence of all obligation. Oh, think before you again reject! Your lover, too—I saw him but lately—he is ill. I marked his slight figure, his thin, flushed cheek—I heard his frequent cough. He is working hard—he denies himself many comforts, that he may save money to free you from bondage. He will not live! Labor, and scanty clothing, and poor diet, will do their work sooner or later: you will lose him! I offer you his health—his happiness. I will pour gold upon him; and with gold, ease and comfort. If you will be mine, Madeline, I will settle upon him sums that will lift him at once to affluence. Madeline! you will not now refuse!"

She answered mournfully and slowly—"No, Mr. Brandon, it cannot be; I will never desert him! Oh! believe me, I feel grateful—he, too, shall thank you;—but ask not, I beseech you—ask me not to deny myself the sweet privilege of struggling for and with him, through the thick darkness of the present hour, into the light beyond. We are young and hopeful, and we shall yet be happy. Yes, we shall be happy! Oh! my friend, our love is our all—ask us not to renounce it!"

Mr. Brandon rose from his knees, and seated himself at his desk: there was a long pause. At last he spoke, but in altered tones.

"Tell me, Miss Vernon, your lover's present plans. It may be in my power to aid him."

"It is his intention to procure a situation as clerk, which he has had promised to him upon the payment of a sum of money, provided he can raise it in a certain space of time, during which, the place will be kept open for him; our object is to accumulate this sum; to do this we are straining every nerve, and I trust we shall succeed."

Another long pause, and the banker raised the lid of his desk, he touched a secret spring, and a drawer flew open; he took from it a roll of paper, and with a grave and solemn air, handed it to Madeline.

"Madeline! are you too proud to accept from one who loves you but too well, the gift of *a thousand pounds?*"

She started from her seat.

"Do not speak hastily, Madeline; false pride is no virtue. I know not the exact amount required, but this trifle will go far towards the attainment of the object you have in view. Take it—go!—and unless again thou comest in distress, come to me no more; but if thou needest a friend, I am here—I am here!"

Madeline was awed, and pleased, and pained; she could but weep her thanks. He took her arm, and drew it within his own, and led her through the banking-house, and handed her, sobbing, into the miserable hackney-coach awaiting her. He stood, half unconsciously, at the door, watching its progress down the street, till at the corner it stopped, to take up a tall and elegant looking young man, who awaited its arrival; shivering in the chilly air, he recognized the favored lover, and heaving a sigh, withdrew into his apartment. There, he resumed his seat at the desk, and opened his private account book. "Ah!" he said, "I have no command over myself when that girl comes. I could make myself a beggar to see her look happy. But she will come no more!"—and again he sighed heavily. "A thousand pounds, too! What a large sum! Under what head can I enter it? Under that of *charity?* Yes! *charity!*" And so he did enter it. And here it stands, an almost solitary item.

THE FLOWER-STEALERS:

A Fact.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

Following the gardener through some of the loveliest portions of his Grace's magnificent domain we all entered the conservatory.

The heat was oppressive. As we passed out of the fresh air, although the light breeze that crept about had just before appeared to serve no other purpose than that of blowing the sunshine into our eyes, the atmospheric change was strikingly perceptible. The uneasy sensation, however, was but momentary; for as soon as the rapid glance, startled and delighted, had taken in the full display of flower and leaf, every sense seemed to share the intoxication of the eye, and the rapt soul fed on a profusion of beauty.

There was the blush of the drooping-flowered fuchsia; the delicacy of the abundant azalea; the orchidea, whose flowers are living butterflies, beautiful but motionless; the vivid yet soothing scarlet of the cactus; the more than alabaster of the camelia; the single stem of the rare lilium lancestum; there, moreover, were rich varieties of ericas, each eclipsing the other in luxuriance and beauty; and countless rarities with long names and short lives, green and golden wonders, colors that made the rainbow tame, and yet were often less exquisitely lovely than the symmetry of their several parts, the strength and lightness of the stems whence they drew being, and the harmony of the general combination.

The collection so striking and superb in its general effect, was more enchanting in detail. We paused at every step; admiring in plants familiar to us, a perfection and maturity unknown to them elsewhere; and in others, which were newer to our eyes, a charm surpassing all. We became converts to the melancholy doctrine, that the loveliest things are after all the rarest. But there was no touch of melancholy in the feeling then. That keen perception of the beautiful was all joy.

The ladies, who were my companions, were gladdened beyond telling. Amongst their various tastes there was one—it was rather a passion—that made the whole five hearts beat as with a single pulse. One love united them all—gave the same lustre of earnestness and animation to their eyes, the same flush of warmth and pleasure to their cheeks—it was the Love of Flowers!

Mrs. Gardener, had she been present, would have hugged them every one. I could have done it myself.

On they passed, slowly and inquiringly, but with quick sight and leaping hearts; their ribbons, their draperies, all but the cheeks before mentioned, and the lips that might be yet more lovingly alluded to, made pale by the hues which surrounded us.

The plants, in their utmost rarity and bloom, still seemed but worthy—only worthy—of their human admirers. My soul, moved by the association presented to it, spoke unto the blossoms in their many dyes, in their various qualities of brilliancy and meekness, and said,

"Oh! Flowers! your delicacy is not unmatched, while spirits, like the spirits of these fair beings, move amongst ye! And if ye are emblems of innocence—here, behold, is that innocence itself, arrayed like you in beauty!"

And I thought that I would send the sentiment thus expressed, as a pleasing novelty, to some tenderly conducted magazine.

While I was gently musing upon the elevating, the purifying influence which the love of floriculture exercises even over coarser minds, and, exulting in its exquisite workings upon the refined natures of my fair companions, I was stopped by a general exclamation of pleasure, suddenly elicited by the view of an unrivalled cluster of blossoms, crowning many others, which rose or fell in minute variety and with astonishing profusion. Why record the name of this plant!—even its color, or the figure of its countless leaves!

As we stopped, the gardener, who had left us to gather boquets for the party, re-entered, and presenting each of us with some choice flowers, said,

"I would cut you some of those beautiful clusters, ladies, (turning to the *one* plant) but they would die directly in the open air—*you would not keep them ten minutes.*"

I felt half angry with the good nature of our attendant. Cut them! *Those!* The precious perishables! To doom their short lives to a yet shorter date—to destroy their consummate symmetry—seize their peerless beauty, and waste it on the desert air! The idea of it awoke terror. It seemed impiety. It was like shooting nightingales while in full song, or clipping the wings of humming-birds.

When he again quitted the observatory, we pursued our tour of admiration, found numberless beauties we had missed, and presently returning, stood before the same specimen of floricultural perfection. And here the pen seems actually to burn between my fingers—my very fingers as they guide it blush.

Whether it was that the idea of cuttings from its rich stem had been implanted in the minds of my innocent and gentle companions by him who had given breadth to it—or whether that spark of doubtful and conditional promise had fallen upon an inflammable train of wishes already existing in the mind, I know not; but their desires now appeared all to take the same direction—they grew ungovernable—they began to find expression, not in coveting look alone, but in broken words and half-repressed exclamations. United in one guileless and enthusiastic love before, they seemed united still—but it was in one wish—one fear—not a fear of sacrilege, but of detection.

Would that Mrs. Gardiner had been there!

Yes, a fear of humiliation and exposure!—not of profanation and theft, in plucking a forbidden treasure of unexampled delicacy, and trampling it in the dust.

Before we passed over the threshold of that conservatory, every one of the five ladies had snatched a slip—

As I stepped into the fresh air, the breeze was not in the least degree cooler to my cheek than the atmosphere within, but in one instant I felt my heart plunged into a cold-bath.

That thing of beauty is a pang for ever.

* * * * * * *

Oh! Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross! young hearts that never throbbed on the far sea—spirits tender and weak, that would tremble even in the calm, and expire in the first breath of tempest—may yet do as cruel and terrible things, calling them all the while the deeds of rapturous love!

Oh, Bardolph! who, having stolen the lady's lute-case, carried it eleven miles and sold it for three halfpence, a most judicious thief wert thou, compared with purloiners, whose fragrant prizes wither in the common air, and yield them nothing.

Oh, lady, whom the great prose-teacher of memorable lesson in our complex and erring humanity, has immortalized without naming—you, who, prompted by your religious love, stole Tillotson's sermons from your friend—look earthward wherever you are, and see what love of flowers will prompt its votaries to do!

Under what sacred robes do we play our tricks! What holy names we bestow upon our covetous desires! What theft and spoliation we commit in the temple of the purest affection, amidst the symbols and evidence of innocence! Let no one ever talk of the "sentiment of flowers," who has not within him the hallowed principle, which ever guards him from the temptation of stealing even the meanest, violating truth at her very altar, and uprooting the sheltering plant of confidence.

THE DAWN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

'Tis sweet when the twilight descends like a maiden,
With star-sandall'd feet and cloud-mantle of grey;
When the skies seem with grandeur and mystery laden,
But there's nothing so sweet as the dawn of the day.

Oh, if there's an hour to man's spirit appealing
An hour that can all his devotion repay,
'Tis when harmony, beauty, and grace, are revealing
Their charms at the dawn, the bright dawn of the day!

For it beam'd on the birth of Eve's fairest of daughters,
It woke the first breath of the lark's matin-lay;
When the Spirit of God moved the face of the waters
All Eden lay blest in the dawn of the day.

Though the Noon, like a monarch enthroned, may assemble
His sun-banner'd hosts in their gorgeous array;
Though the Moon may win hearts, they are hearts that dissemble;
For there's nothing so fair as the dawn of the day.

The dawn of the day, when the old man is waking,
World-weary and languid, bereft of each stay;
When he turns to a dawn yet immortally breaking,
The God-promised dawn of a heavenly day.

Oh, if harmony, beauty, and freshness are blending
Their charms for the dawn of our care-compassed way,
What bliss must be theirs who, through Jesus ascending,
Behold with archangels the dawn of *His day!*

FLOWERS.

"Aunt Charity" discourses as follows, in the Tennessee State Agriculturist, in relation to the cultivation of flowers:

Young ladies, cultivate flowers! you will find your interest will be so great in them, that you will be up with the lark, to see what progress your buds have made through the night; the morning air will brace and invigorate you; you will find intruders in the shape of sprigs of grass—which your hoop of *order* will not tolerate; pulling them out will be good exercise; air and exercise will promote health and cheerfulness; your cheeks will rival your *rose from nature's own pure hue.*

Mothers, cultivate flowers, that your children may emulate your good example, that *home* may be the sweetest spot to them; our first mother was placed in a garden, as the most appropriate place for one who was to be the partner of him who was formed after the image of his Maker; that her first lessons might be taught from nature's most beautiful leaves of instruction. If we feel troubled and care-worn, for troubles will come, does not a walk among the flowers calm and soothe us by leading our thoughts to more pleasant things, to the manifold kindness of our heavenly Father in studding the earth with so many jewels? Our imaginations can scarce keep pace with the varieties of color and texture, all his handy work. Are we not taught that this is not our abiding place, by the flowers? in autumn they fade, wither, and die; in spring they bud forth with renewed splendor and beauty, blossom and send forth their richest perfume as incense meet for the creator of all good; shall we be more ungrateful than the simple violet, and not send the incense of our praise for all his mercies?

He gave flowers as ministers of his love to us, we use them as emblems of love and esteem to our fellow creatures; who would reduce all things to mere utility? Our creator has set us a better example; flowers are the stars of the earth, her children, and she nurtures them with her tears; do they not richly repay her kindness? Are we not told that Solomon in all his *glory*, was not clad like one of the simple "lilies of the field; they are associated with all that is beautiful, elegant, and lovely; they deck the bride, the May Queen, and the solemnities of the burial; they are associated with our earliest and most pleasant recollections of *home.* Who does not remember some *favorite* flower of "my mother's!" What woman does not remember how often she has been led from nature "up to nature's God," by the simple structure of a flower, and what woman of refinement, sensibility, and affection, but loves flowers? indeed, they bear a close resemblance to her lot, and

"No marvel woman should love flowers; they bear
So much of fanciful similitude
To her own history; like herself repaying
With such sweet interest all the cherishing
That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth,
And like her, too, dying beneath neglect."

LINES.

"Casting all your care upon him, for He careth for you."—*1st Peter, 5 c. 7 v.*

Child of sorrow, mourning one,
Thou whose light of life is gone;
Thou who weepest, sad and lonely,
In whose heart dwells sorrow only;
Deepest darkness hovering o'er thee,
Nought but agony before thee;
Thou whose brightest hope is death,
Thou who pant'st to yield thy breath;
Thou from whom cold worldlings turn,
Leaving thee alone to mourn;
There is One *for thee who careth*,
Even though thy soul despaireth.
He is near while thou art sleeping,
He is nigh while thou art weeping;
He has marked thy every sigh,
Breathed when none beside was nigh;
Great is He in majesty,
Yet He stoops to *care for thee.*
Cast upon Him all thy cares,
Breathe to Him perpetual prayers,
He will never turn away.
He will hear all thou canst say,
He can view thine inmost heart,
He can know thee as thou art.
Thoughts by mortals all unseen,
Hidden by a calm cold mien;
Sufferings which thy spirit rend,
He can view and comprehend;
He can feel, how tenderly!
Child of misery, for thee.
Come, then, to thy Father, God,
He can stay the chastening rod;
Cast thy cares and fears before Him,
And for help and peace implore Him;
To His love for refuge flee,
Child of tears, *He cares for thee.*

From the Journals.

FROM THE GLASGOW COURIER.

THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

AIR—"Brose and Butter."

Our May had an e'e to a man
Nae less than the newly-placed Preacher;
And we plotted a dainty bit plan
For trapping our spiritual teacher.
O, we were sly, sly! O, we were sly and sleekit;
But nee'er say a herring is dry until it be reestit and stakit.

We treated young Mr. M'Gock,
We plied him wi' tea and wi' toddy;
And we praised every word that he spoke,
Till we put him maist out o' the body.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

And then we grew a' unco guid—
Made long faces aye in due season;
When to feed us wi' spiritual fuid,
Young Mr. Mc'Gock took occasion.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa'
Except when frae hame he was helping;
And then May, and often us a',
Gaed far and near after him skelpin.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

We said aye, which our neighbors thought droll,
That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon,
Was, though a wee dry on the whole,
As refreshing as dews on Mount Hermon.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

But to come to the heart o' the ait—
The dainty bit plan that we plotted
Was to get a subscription afit,
And a watch to the minister voted.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

The young women folk o' the kirk
By turns lent a hand in collecting;
But May took the fack o' the wark,
And the trouble the rest o' directing.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
And May, wi' sma' prigging, consented
To be ane o' a party o' five
To gang to the manse and present it.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

We a' gied a word o' advice
To May in a deep consultation
To hae something to say unco nice,
And to speak for the hail deputation
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

Taking present and speech baith in hand,
May delivered a bonnie palaver,
To let Mr. M'Gock understand
How zealous she was in his favor.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

She said that the gift was to prove
That his female friends valued him highly,
But it couldna express a' their love;
And she glintit her e'e at him slyly.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

He put the gold watch in his fab
And proudly he said he would wear it;
And, after some flattering gab,
Tauld May he was gaun to be marryit.
O, we were sly, sly! O, we were sly and sleekit!
But Mr. M'Gock was nae gowk wi' our dainty bit plan to be cleekit.

May cam' hame wi' her heart at her mouth,
And became frae that hour a Dissenter;
And now she's renewing her youth,
With some hopes o' the Burgher precentor
O, but she's sly, sly! O, but she's sly and sleekit,
And cleverly opens ae door as soon as another ane's steekit.

NEPHEW OF PONIATOWSKI.

It is well known with what rapturous gratitude, the brave men who risked their lives in the successful attempt to overthrow the reign of tyranny during the memorable *three days* at Paris, were received and rewarded by their fellow citizens.

Mr. B——, a wealthy citizen and a worthy patriot, who resided in the *Rue St. Louis*, on entering his house on the 31st of July, after having joined in the thundering acclamations which welcomed the Duke of Orleans to the Hotel-de-Ville, beheld at a few steps from his door, a young man of an elegant form, and prepossessing countenance, who, covered with dust and perspiration was leaning against the wall, apparently overcome with fatigue. M. B—— questioned him on the part, which he had acted during the sanguinary struggle; and when he learned that he had been in the foremost ranks of the patriots, and in the thickest of the fight, he kindly invited him into his house, to partake of refreshment. On that joyful day, reserve, suspicion, ceremony, and etiquette were cast aside. The honest citizen was expected with impatience, not unmingled with inquietude by his wife and daughter, who welcomed his return with a cry of joy. The stranger was treated by the ladies with politeness; but the enthusiasm of this honest family cannot be conceived, when, after the repast, the young gentleman declared himself a native of Poland, and a nephew of Prince Poniatowski. He had sought an asylum in France, he said, to avoid the persecutions to which his family was subject from the Russian government.

The nephew of Poniatowski! In Madame B——'s saloon was a beautiful engraving, representing the celebrated passage of Elster. Poniatowski was there depicted at full length; and by the help of the imagination, it was acknowledged and decided that Poniatowski's nephew bore a great resemblance to his uncle.

It may be well imagined that an acquaintance commencing under such happy auspices did not abruptly terminate. The young Polish hero was frequently invited to visit the family of Mr. B——. He cheerfully accepted the invitation, and in the course of a few weeks, was on the most intimate footing with the good family at Rue St. Louis; he eat at their table, and without much solicitation supplied himself from their purse; and finally made a declaration of love to Mademoiselle B——, who was intoxicated with joy at the idea of becoming a Polish princess.

Thus months passed away; but towards the month of December, intelligence was brought to Paris, that the Poles were about making a desperate effort to burst the chains of bondage. The sympathy of the Parisians was strongly excited in favor of the Poles. The nephew of Poniatowski could not remain at Paris, leading an inactive life, without being subjected to the disgraceful charge of cowardice. The man who had fought so bravely for the liberties of the French, ought also to fight for the independence of his native soil.

On the 28th of December he quitted the family of the Rue St. Louis, carrying with him the blessings of the good citizen and his wife, their lovely daughter's protestations of eternal love, and two hundred louis d'ors, which Mr. B—— prevailed upon him to accept.

After his departure, this worthy family suffered not a day to pass without offering up prayers for the safety of the interesting Pole. The bulletins of the Polish army were sought for, and read with avidity, under the pleasing expectation of finding there honorable notice of the young hero. But their hopes were disappointed. One morning Mr. B—— visited the Palace of Justice, upon some pressing emergency; while waiting for an audience he entered the Hall of the Police. A man, with his arms pinioned, was seated upon a bench guarded by two soldiers. This man, who was once the bully of a gaming house—from which honorable office he was discharged in consequence of his numerous and bold villanies, was now accused of a variety of swindling transactions committed under several assumed names. Mr. B—— looked at this noted scoundrel. He thought he recognized him. He looked again. Oh surprise!—Sorrow and Shame! It was the hero of the *three days*—his intimate friend—his intended son-in-law—the nephew of Poniatowski.—*Mercantile Journal.*

PITCAIRN ISLAND.

Capt. Jay, who, while prosecuting the whale fishery in the Pacific, in command of the Nancy, had occasion to visit the Island, describes the present population as a well ordered community of one hundred and thirteen souls. They speak the English language, and recognize the dominion of Great Britain, though their government is administered by magistrates chosen from among themselves. They inhabit cottages built of wood, surrounded by pleasant gardens, carefully cultivated. The men appear to be a hardy race; their complexion is brown. The women were decently clothed, and are described as affable and pleasant, possessing many agreeable traits of character. A European clergyman resides among them, who devotes himself sedulously both to the secular and religious education of the youth.

This Island lies in 20° South latitude and 130° West longitude, about fifty leagues East of the Pomotu Archipelago, or Low Islands. It was first settled in January, 1790, by Christian and his associates,—eight mutineers of the Bounty, and six men and twelve females, natives of Otaheite. Its loneliness and difficult access, rendered it a secure refuge for those reckless and desperate criminals, who, after having wrested from the Captain the possession of his ship, launched him and his adherents in a small boat, in the midst of the Pacific, and abandoned them to their fate. The Island is only four miles long, and seems the summit of a mountain, whose foundations are deep under the fathomless waters. It offers no anchorage for vessels, and can be approached only in boats.

In that retreat, relieved from all apprehension of discovery by British vessels, these wretched men thought to lead a life of luxury and ease. Nature has been bountiful in her bestowments there. The climate is mild and equable Groves of banana, orange and cocoa trees, of thrifty and spontaneous growth, are found in all parts of the Island. The soil yields, with little cultivation, the sugar cane, and every kind of vegetable in abundance. The seas swarm fish. But even there these men of violence found no retreat from the fierce passions and animosities which raged in their own breasts, and which had driven them out from communion with their fellows.

Hitherto a sense of common danger had united them in efforts to effect their common safety. When union and co-operation had become no longer essential to their security from the avengers of violated law, they abandoned themselves to the selfishness of passion. Vice has power to break all the bands that bind society together. Every man's hand was ere long lifted against his neighbor, and in ten years one man only survived, all the rest having died, most of them by violence. The contemplation of misery and destruction resulting from crimes is said to have produced a thorough reformation in the survivor, John Adams, (his original name is supposed to be Alexander Smith,) who forthwith betook himself to the task of instructing the few women and children in the principles of the Christian faith.

The docile and simple minded Otaheitan women were soon converted; and the children, early inducted into ways of pleasantness and peace, in their advancing years have not departed from them. A quarter of a century after the mutineer Adams undertook this labor of love, Captain Beechey visited the islands. The repentant reprobate, transformed into a meek and humble follower of the Redeemer, then ruled, with patriarchial sway, a happy little community of sixty-six individuals, "well instructed, orderly, and friendly."

He has since been summoned to render an account of his stewardship. But he left behind him the abiding influence of righteous instruction, and the example of a better life well spent. According to the testimony of Capt. Jay, his pupils and descendants, in 1842, constituted an industrious and happy population. They numbered, as we have stated above, one hundred and thirteen souls. In 1832, the population was only 53.—*N. Y. Jour. Commerce.*

THE KNIFE GRINDER.

All here remember, no doubt, the little knife grinder with his large black mastiff that drew his grinding apparatus about, in whose proceedings we used to take interest. We are never to see him more. He has quit knife grinding, emancipated his dog forever from harness, and with him and his wife—who was a silent partner in the concern—gone to France, his native land, there to pass the evening of his days, and to lay his bones after death. He took with him some $10,000 (!) a sum that will enable him to live most easily and comfortably in France; and we are glad to learn this; for after travelling from Maine to Georgia and back, perhaps more than once, grinding his way through all sorts of weather, he deserves rest, and we are further gratified to learn that this faithful dog, who shared in his toils, will now share his luxury and ease. Another fact in the history of our no longer "needy knife grinder," which is interesting, as well for the filial affection it displays in him, as for the instance it offers in illustration of French character, is the following: When he departed from France with his wife, to come to America, his mother remained behind him. When his wealth became so great that he determined to give up his vocation, inclined to settle in America, he sent for her. But she clung to France, and would not come away to join her son. His affection for the old lady changed his whole plan; he took passage in the next ship for France, and with his wife and dog, and gold, set sail, and long since safely reached the end of his voyage; mother, son, wife and dog are all no doubt quietly and happily living together, enjoying, in a manner unknown to any but a French family, the fruits of the labors of the knife grinder and his dog in America. Long life to them!—*Richmond Compiler.*

The Humorist.

☞ "I wonder how they make lucifer matches," said a young married lady to her husband, about six weeks after they were married, and with whom she could never agree. "The process is very simple," he replied, "I once made one." "Indeed! and pray, how did you manage it?" "By going to church with you," was the brief and satisfactory explanation.

☞ Women should not be too violent—even a good thing may be overdone. We see it stated in a late English paper that a publican, named Hall, residing in North Shields, having quarrelled with his wife, who was a complete virago, took to the chimney for refuge, and, sticking fast, was suffocated before he could be released.

☞ A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out among other pretty exclamations, "We shall go to the bottom—mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Zounds, madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom *while your head swims!*"

☞ A certain quack dentist celebrated for a mineral composition for stopping the teeth, having got greatly into debt, has, we understand, been trying a new composition (called ten pence in the pound,) with which he has succeeded in stopping the teeth of his creditors.—*Punch.*

☞ An empty-headed youth once boasted that he had been to two of the most celebrated schools in England. "Sir," said a bystander, "you remind me of the calf that sucked two cows." "And what was the consequence?" "Why, sir, he was a *very great calf!*"

☞ "What do you do for a living?" "Nothing, sir—the times are so hard." "Do you say so! Come with me and I will give you work." "Lawks sir! You don't suppose I would go to work, do you! It's no use going to work these hard times."

☞ "Master Buggins, come up and tell me who was Cleopatra!" "Cleopatra was sister to one of the pyramids of Hegypt, and come to her unhappy eend by swallerin of a wasp." "Good boy, good boy; you'll be a Gibbon one of these days."

☞ Slick says, "There are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others, again, who blurt out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools."

☞ The Hon. Charles S—— was looking in vain one night at a ball for his chapeau-bras. "My dear fellow," said Rogers, "you have no right to find it." "Eh! why so?" "Because a hat, when its cocked, must be expected to go off!"

☞ "Mary," said one girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my dear Eliza," was the reply; "I don't know but what I might take him at a *pinch.*"

☞ A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard—for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

☞ "You Bill, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good whipping." "Well, ma, I wish you would, for you've never given me any licken that I called good, yet."

☞ A rascal on trial in Lexington, Ky., actually picked his lawyer's pocket of a silver snuff box while he was making a speech to the jury in his favor.

☞ Why is a mushroom like a dandy? Because it is rapid in its growth, slim in its trunk, and thick in its head.

☞ A President Judge, not many leagues from Cleveland, Ohio, who has been promoted from the bench to a nomination for Congress, recently closed a stump speech with—"Gentlemen, you will now retire in charge of the Constable!"

☞ A London paper recommends the following simple remedy against that complaint, a troublesome acquaintance:—"If he be poor lend him some money, if he is rich, ask him to lend you some; both methods are said to be effective."

☞ The Spartans consulted Lycurgus to know if they should build walls around their city—*A city is never without walls which has valiant men around it for its defence*, said Lycurgus.

☞ There is a man in this city so sharp minded that he shaves himself by a mere mental operation. This is going a little ahead of the patent strop and silver-steel razors.

☞ Sherbert, so celebrated in Oriental song, is a decoction of, or preparation from, barley meal and sugar, perfumed with extract of roses, orange flower, violets, or citron.

☞ The N. O. Crescent City says:—"Times are so hard now that several gentlemen in this city cannot even *collect their senses.*"

☞ Printers generally make good lawyers and physicians, from their previous acquaintance with cases.

Choice Selections.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

O, deep within my inmost heart,
Thy treasur'd image lies,
Enshrined with all that's holy there,
That death or change defies;
And yet my woman's tongue could ne'er
Frame words to tell thee thou art dear!

No—woman's love is ever found
A silent, hidden thing,
Where hopes and fears alternate rise,
Like shadows o'er a spring,
That in some lone and silent wood
Is gushing in the solitude.

No—like the voiceless perfume breathed,
Where flowrets deck the ground,
That hidden in their verdant screen,
Else scarcely might be found,
I would that o'er thy sense might steal
The half a woman's heart can feel!

INFLUENZA.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Republican, who signs himself "M. D.," furnishes the editor with the following cursory glance at the history of the Influenza for a century past. As it is a subject which at the present time affects and interests sixteen millions of freemen, their wives and babies of all ages—including editors, who are very often, neither *freemen*, wives or babies—we transfer it to our columns:

The first account which I can find of it is in the description of a "pestilential and epidemic cough," as it was termed, which prevailed in Europe in the year 1580, though there is some uncertainty concerning its peculiar character, yet in some of its essential features it resembles the present epidemic. It was first distinctively defined and received its name just a century since, (1743), when it prevailed every where. It invaded every country in Europe, and "in many districts not a single family escaped its seizure." It appeared in April, and passed off in June following. The disease seldom proved fatal, except among old people, and those who were suffering under pulmonary diseases. It was christened at this time, "*La Grippe*," by the French, from the Polish word *chrypka*, which signifies hoarseness.—The Italians called it "mal del castrone," and influenza. The latter appellation is taken from the supposed influence of the stars on its origin and diffusion. In this epidemic severe and obstinate headache was one of the most peculiar symptoms. "The treatment was an affair rather of diet and regimen than of any difficult medication."

The next general epidemic in Europe (and they have generally extended to our own country) was in 1762; which, in all its essential features, resembled the one before named. Those attacked retained a severe cough, and very slowly convalesced.

The epidemic of 1775 was as widely diffused as its predecessors, and was preceded by remarkable atmospheric vicissitudes—very few escaped an attack. It was also marked by the fact that most of the domestic animals, of horses, dogs, fowls were affected with cough and general malaria. In 1785 another epidemic prevailed. It was preceded by great atmospheric changes. It commenced its progress in Astrakan, Tobolsk, the East Indies, and probably prevailed in China. In Europe it first appeared in St. Petersburg—40,000 persons were seized in one day, which was connected with the fact that on this day the thermometer rose from 35 degrees below zero, to 5 above it. In March it reached Poland, the shores of the Baltic and Denmark; in May it passed over into Germany and England. In July it invaded Scotland and France—in September, Italy, Spain and Portugal, and in November, Belgium. It also ran over America. The sea itself was not exempt from its dominion, for ship's crews at sea sickened under its influence.

The epidemic in 1830, in Europe, was as general as its predecessors, and was somewhat remarkable in being the forerunner, by a very short interval, of another more alarming and dreadful pestilence, the Asiatic Cholera. This seemed to precede the Cholera when it appeared, and in 1833 the same disease followed in the march of the Cholera, advancing as its more formidable rival receded.

This, like most epidemics, is characterized by its onward march from the East to the West, and is preceded by great alterations of atmospheric temperature. Its diffusion is usually very widely spread and its duration short. It seldom proves destructive to life, unless attacking persons suffering from illness, especially illness connected with diseases of the lungs.

Although this may be its character, let me give a word of caution. It should be carefully attended to, for, if neglected, the sequels of the influenza show themselves too often in diseases of the lungs and fatal consumption.

PRESIDENT EDWARDS

In the Pulpit.

BY PROFESSOR PARK.

President Edwards possessed a rich imagination, and might have been chosen to be the first theologian; but he speaks disparagingly of "elegance of language, and excellent style," and says of some of his discourses, they were mostly written at a time when the circumstances of the auditory they were preached to, were enough to make a minister neglect, forget, and despise such ornaments as politeness and modishness of style and method. He passed his life in a still, secluded valley; he resigned the salutary discipline of household care to his estimable wife; when he entered his sitting room, his own children, it is said, were in the habit of rising up in token of their well-merited reverence; he ate from a silver bowl, while most of his parishioners were grateful for pewter; but he ate a sparing meal, and lived more like a spirit than a partaker in flesh and blood. He was indeed humble as a little child before God, but he often went forth among men, not so much like a fellow man, as like a Vicegerent of the great Lawgiver. When an opponent rose up against him, he bore and pressed him down by the force of his amazing genius, and the still greater force of his honest and truth-loving temper. His reply to Dr. Taylor of Norwich, is said to have contributed, in connection with other sources of mortification, to hasten the death of that eminent writer. The remarkable confession of Major Hawley, will long remain a monument of the authority which President Edwards held over the conscience and fears of the most distinguished men. When he preached it was as if one had been let down from heaven to sound one of the seven trumpets, after which seven thunders uttered their voices. He rehearsed the threatenings of his Sovereign as if he had a peculiar right, and indeed he had, to tell on whom they would fall. He stood in the pulpit with a head unmoved, and with a still hand, and what he had written he had written. But his hearers looked up, and the tears stole down their cheeks, and they shook like aspen leaves, and on some occasions screamed aloud. Dr. Trumbull says, that when Mr. Edwards was preaching at Enfield,—"there was such a breathing of distress and weeping, that the preacher was obliged to speak to the people, and desire silence, that he might be heard." A gentleman remarked to Mr. Dwight, that when in his youth he heard Mr. Edwards describe the day of judgment, he fully supposed that immediately at the close of the sermon, the Judge would descend, and the final separation take place. During the delivery of one of his most overwhelming discourses, in the pulpit of a minister unused to such power, this minister is said to have forgotten himself so far, as to pull the preacher by the coat, and to try to stay the torrent of such appalling eloquence, "Mr. Edwards! Mr. Edwards! is not God a merciful being—is he not merciful?"

FREEDOM.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Freedom! beneath thy banner I was born—
O let me share thy full and perfect life!
Teach me Opinion's slavery to scorn,
And to be free from Passion's bitter strife;—
Free of the world, a self dependent soul,
Nourished by lofty aims and genial truth,
And made more free by Love's serene control,
The spell of Beauty and the hopes of Youth.
The liberty of Nature let me know,
Caught from the mountains groves and crystal streams,
Her starry host, and sunset's purple glow,
That woo the spirit with celestial dreams,
On Fancy's wing exultingly to soar,
Till life's harsh fetters clog the heart no more!

BIRD TRACKS IN STONE.—It appears from the last number of Silliman's Journal, just published, that Dr. James Deane, of Greenfield, Franklin county, was the first observer in 1834, of the foot-prints of extinct species of birds in the new red sand-stone of the Connecticut River. He communicated his discovery to Professors Silliman and Hitchcock, who at first were incredulous as to the alleged cause of the observed marks. But soon Professor H. explored the whole valley of the Connecticut, and fully confirmed the discovery of Dr. Deane, giving the name of *Ornithichnites* to the marks. The bones of a gigantic bird whose feet must have been large enough to have made these prints, called *Dinornis*, have lately been discovered in New Zealand.—*Northampton Courier.*

SARATOGA LAKE.—There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake, which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that, if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink. A story is told of an English woman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross the lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the smooth surface of the lake like a shadow. About a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, willing to convince the savages of the weakness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a moment's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and, in frowning silence, drove the light bark like an arrow over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, and the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. "The Great Spirit is merciful," answered the Minor Mohawk; "He knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue."

IN HIS speech at Rochester, Mr. Adams thus neatly complimented the enterprise and character of its people:

"In what has been accomplished to make your city what it is, the aged have done most. The middle-aged may say we will improve upon what has been done; and the young, we shall accomplish still more than our fathers. That, fellow-citizens, was the boast in the ancient Spartan procession—a procession which was divided into three classes—the old, the middle-aged, and the young; and they had a saying, which each class repeated in turn.

The aged said:

"We have been in days of old,
Wise and gentle, brave and bold."

The middle-aged said:

"We in our turn your place supply;
Who doubt it let him come and try."

And the boys said:

"Hereafter, at our country's call,
We promise to surpass you all."

And so it will be with you—each in your order."

CLERICAL BREVITY.—Dr. Emmons, formerly of Franklin, and Dr. Griffin, once of Andover, and afterwards President of William College, were eminent divines of the orthodox school in this State, and personal friends. The former published a sermon many years ago, upon some doctrinal point (the Atonement, we believe) which was not well received by many of his brethren; and Dr. Griffin among the rest. The following correspondence took place between these two, which for its pith and brevity, is worthy of preservation.

Dr. Griffin wrote to Dr. Emmons:

Dear Sir—I have read your sermon upon the Atonement, and wept over it. Truly yours,
E. D. GRIFFIN.

Dr. Emmons replied instanter:

Dear Sir—I have received your letter relative to my sermon, and *laughed* over it.
Yours truly, NATH'L EMMONS.

It is not known that the correspondence was continued any farther.—*Barre Gazette.*

A LARGE BELL.—One of the objects which it is said his Burmese majesty proposed in his visit last year to Rangoon, has been accomplished. A bell of enormous size and weight, has been cast as an offering to the great Shoey-de-gon pagoda. It is stated that 8000 men were employed at the 500 forges or wind pipes, put in requisition on this occasion, that is, 16 persons to a pump and forge. A hundred and seventy visses of silver, nearly 617lb avoirdupois, and one hundred and fifty of gold, nearly 543lb were added by the king, besides a vast number of gold and silver ornaments, of which no account was taken. The dimensions of the bell are said to be seven cubits in diameter, twenty-one in circumference, eleven in height, and one foot and two inches thick. The weight of the metal, of which an account was taken, was 333,333 visses, or, in avoirdupois weight, five hundred tons.

WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee,
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn;
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee: can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the heart that sighs to have thee here?
Linger not long!

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell.
Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night draws dark, and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer
Oh! art thou absent—art thou absent still!
Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me,
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full!
Linger not long!

Haste—haste thee home into my mountain dwelling!
Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!
Linger not long!

A FULL STEAMER.—Passengers up the Hudson who wish to take the early trains West, embark at present on the forward deck of "The Empire." Those who are not in a hurry take passage in the after cabin, and upon the mooring of the boat at Albany, pay their respects to the Ex-President at Kinderhook, from the stern taffrail. She is commanded by Captain Roe, who, in the extent of his jurisdiction, ranks with the Governor of Rhode Island, and is a potentate to be propitiated in politics. Seriously, this noble steamer is a very great curiosity. The saloon on her promenade deck is about three hundred feet long, and with four or five hundred people on board she seems to have a few passengers. The sight of her engine at work is an imposing affair. Some of her state rooms above are small drawing rooms to accommodate parties, and she is furnished and managed with a luxury and tact worth making a trip to see.—*Willis.*

A GOOD REASON.—An old farmer who had a fund of shrewd sense, and a prominent person in town affairs, being one year "Select Man," had to preside over the annual meeting of the citizens, and after he had read, among other things, the names which had been put into the jury box, a man got up and asked why his son's name had not been put in as a candidate for juror. To which he immediately replied—The selectmen considered the office of juror as requiring great prudence, discretion and intelligence. It was a situation demanding judgment, caution, clear sense, integrity, firmness, and a just regard for the rights of others; then turning to the inquirer, he added, "*in all of which we consider your son deficient.*" Turning to the people with impudent coolness, which I cannot describe, he inquired—"Is there *any other person* who wishes to know why his name was not put into the box?"

ICE MOUNTAIN.—The July No. of Silliman's Journal of Science, contains an account of an ice mountain in Hampshire county, Virginia, which has excited not a little interest in that quarter. It is composed of rock, and rises some seven or eight hundred feet, constituting part of a ridge. The mountain surface is made up of red sandstone—and upon removing the stones to the depth of a few inches, masses of ice are found at mid-summer, even during the most oppressive seasons, permanently preserved. A thermometer introduced among the cavities of the rocks sunk below forty degrees, and would have gone lower had it remained. During a recent winter, a cavity about four feet below the surface was opened and filled up with snow. It was covered loosely with boards, yet it remained during the whole summer, dry, friable and crystaline, without melting.

IT HAS BEEN supposed by those who have long observed the course of things, that to take 40 lads, divide them, all things considered, into two equal companies, place half of them in the professions and merchandise, the other half in agricultural pursuits; the result will be after a lapse of years, the latter will have the greatest aggregate wealth, diffused among the whole; while perhaps a fourth of the former may make large acquisitions, the families of the other three fourths, may be found in rather straitened circumstances. It is the opinion of those who have long held situations favorable to such observations, as to enable them to come to correct conclusions on the subject, that only one in four of the trading classes, perhaps from causes beyond their control, escape insolvency, or are successfully in the professions.

DOING GOOD.—How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows *individual attempts* to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

QUICK WORK.—Mr. Isaac M Denson, warden of the almshouse in Baltimore county, cut on Saturday from the farm attached to that institution, a quantity of wheat, which he had subsequently threshed, fanned, ground, bolted and baked into bread, ready for eating, in the amazingly short period of twenty-three minutes from the time the process of cutting commenced. This was certainly quick work.

RAILWAYS AND COACHES.—The last distinction drawn between railway and coach accidents was that of an old whip:—"If," said he, "you gets comfortably capsized in a ditch by the road-side, there you are! but if you gets blown up by an engine, run into a cutting, or off an embankment, where are you?"

IN YOUR converse with the world avoid any thing like a juggling dexterity. The proper use of dexterity is to prevent your being circumvented by the cunning of others. It should not be aggressive.

HE who has two cakes of bread, let him dispose of one of them for some flowers; for bread is food for the body, but flowers are food for the soul.—*Galen.*

SOMEBODY says, "Rear up your lads like nails, and then they will not only go through the world, but you may clinch 'em on t'other side."

EVILS are not so successfully overcome by direct attacks upon them, as by developing and establishing the good.—*Alcot.*

Choice Anecdotes.

A STRONG VERDICT.—About the commencement of the present century, a black fellow, who had lived at the North End of Boston, suddenly disappeared, and it was thought that he had drowned himself.—Accordingly diligent search was made, and at the end of two days his body was found in a dock in Charlestown. As is usual in such cases a jury was called; and as the story goes, (which is true for all we know,) they were all "men of color." After some deliberation, they brought in a verdict something as follows:—"Dat, going home one berry dark night, he fell from the wharf, and was *killed;* and the tide coming in strong, it floated him over to Charlestown, and he was *drowned;* dat the wedder being berry cold, he *froze to death!*" The Coroner, who was very waggish, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, said, "You may as well add *died in the wool!*"

WHO CAN BEAT THIS.—A correspondent of the Easton Sentinel boasts thus:—As I have often read in the papers of great men being praised for their great deeds, &c., I think I have a right to tell what I have done. First—I was five years teamster; three years a blacksmith; three years a constable; nine years Justice of the Peace; seventeen summers I was Lime burner; nineteen winters I taught school; twenty-seven years a commissioned officer, from Lieut. to Major; thirteen years I was Lock-tender on the Lehigh Canal, Lock No. 46; and I am father of sixteen children—namely; ten sons and six daughters; and the best of my story is, that I have quit drinking liquor. I was born, 1789. My name is Hope, I have faith and show charity.

A GOOD story is told of a Yankee and a certain limb of the law, of whom he sought advice in some difficulty. The Yankee laid his five dollars on the table and proposed his question. The lawyer taking down the Revised Statutes, let drop a remark upon the cheapness of the book, saying, "I gave but two dollars and forty cents for this large book!" "And does it contain the law applicable to my case?" inquired the Yankee. "Certainly," said the unsuspecting lawyer; "I'll find it presently." "On the whole," said the Yankee, pocketing the bank note he had laid out; "On the whole, sir, I guess you needn't take the trouble. It will be cheaper for me to buy the book, and hunt it up myself."

COMPLIMENTARY.—An old clergyman, and rather an eccentric one withal, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday, at the close of his services, gave notice to his congregation that in the course of the week, he expected to go on a mission *to the heathen.* The members of his church were struck with alarm and sorrow at the sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons in great agitation, exclaimed—"Why, *my dear sir*, you have never told us one word of this before! What *shall* we do?" "Oh, brother C——," said the parson, with the greatest sang froid, "*I don't expect to go out of town!*"

ANECDOTE OF GEN. LEE.—When the general was a prisoner at Albany, he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine the general remarked to his host, that, after drinking, he was very apt to abuse Irishmen—for which he hoped his host would excuse him in advance. "By my soul, general, I will do that," said his host, "if you will excuse a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this—whenever I hear a man abusing ould Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his sconce with my shellalah. The general was civil during the whole evening!

The Olio.

CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.—Soon after the Copernican System of Astronomy began to be generally understood, an old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following inquiry:—"Doctor T., do you believe in this new story they tell of the earth moving round the sun?" "Yes, certainly." "Do you think it is according to Scripture? If it's true, how could Joshua have commanded the sun to stand still?" "Umph!" quoth the doctor, no whit puzzled, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?" "Yes." "Well, it *stood still*, did it not?" "Yes." "Very well. Now did you ever hear that he *set it a going again?*"

CURIOUS SIGNS.—In a window at Bodmin, in Cornwall, (says the New York Sunday Mercury,) a long time ago, was this piece of literature:

A goose curd here.

The meaning of which was found on enquiry to be, *agues cured here.* At Falmouth, a dealer in a variety of nostrums had this curious piece of intelligence (!) hung on a post.

Cod freyes cord ile hand udder mad sins;

which being done into English, was found to mean Godfrey's cordial and other medicines.

HOW TO READ LETTERS FROM ONE'S WIFE.—The boatswain's mates and the quartermasters are really handsome men, weather-beaten and bold—(when speaking of the mates and crew of the Acteon.) Williams, one of the latter seems a most eccentric character; he is a married man, and constantly receives letters from his absent rib; these, however, he never takes the trouble to open, but keeps them all neatly tied up. On his return, he says, she can read them to him all of a lump.—*Auldjo's Journal of a Visit to Constantinople.*

NOT SO STUPID.—A young couple at Paris, lately going to the Mayor to have the civil ceremony of marriage performed, the young lady in stepping out of the carriage, entangled her lace dress in the step, and tore it. "How stupid!" exclaimed the gentleman. The lady took no notice of this ungallant expression, and the party went into the Hotel of the Mayor. But upon being asked whether she consented to take the gentleman present for her husband, she replied, "Not so stupid!" which was the only answer that could be obtained from her.

GOING INTO PARTNERSHIP.—A western man, who, for aught that we know to the contrary, might have been from the Devil's Fork, on the Arkansas was treading the upper deck of a steamer, with measured strides, on which, chained to a post, almost in his path, was an ugly, ill-natured cur, who, as the man passed, would growl, show his teeth, and snap at him. "Stranger," says he, at last, when his patience was exhausted, "I should like to own an interest in this here dog, and if I didn't shoot *my share of him*, I'll be hang'd."

CARRYING A VOTE.—One of our subscribers relates the following, which is too good to be lost. A year or two since, a man offered another a dollar to carry a vote, to which he readily assented, and pocketed the dollar. Some two or three weeks after the election, he met his employer, and taking the identical vote from his pocket, inquired of him, "How long do you want me to carry this vote for the dollar?" "But," said the other, "did you not put it into the ballot box?" "O, no," said the man, "I only agreed to carry it!"

A HAPPY RETORT.—The obscurity of Lord Tenterden's birth is well known; but he had too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. We have heard it related of him, that when, in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister, with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origin; his manly and severe answer was, "Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber; if you had been the son of a barber, you would have been a barber yourself."

MOST BARBAROUS.—The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer contains the following advertisement.

"No credit for shaving here
By industry we liv and by shaven we thrive
Cakes spruce beer mince
pyes for sail here
N B No credit also
James Kirk barber and hare
dresser to his honner the mare
of Fort Smith
N B No credit"

HEREDITARY NOBILITY.—A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an *hereditary nobility.* "Is it not right," said he, "in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those men who have been eminent for their service to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them, as a reward of such services."

"By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, *all his posterity should be hanged, too!*"

TOMMY THOMPSON.—A disconsolate wife in Columbus, Ga., cautions all women against marrying one Thomas Thompson, her lawful property. The lady is quite pathetic over his loss, as will appear from the following lamentations:

"Hale holy Seme—halo holy tye,
What binds 2 gentle souls in 1;
On ekwal wings thar pleshurs fly,
In ekwal streames thar sorrows run."

THEODORE HOOK was a convivial man, and often entered a drawing-room after a dinner party not quite in such a state as to be fit company for the ladies, one of whom, being intimate with him, on one of these occasions handed him a tract entitled "Three Words to a Drunkard." The wit read out the title very deliberately, and answered, "I suppose they are—pass the bottle."

TWO SHADES.—An old man picked up a half dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine!" said a keen looking rascal, "so hand it over." "Did youre have a hole in it?" asked the old man. "Yes, it had," said the other, smartly. "Then it is not mine," mildly replied the old man, "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy."

"MUSKET balls full bore," were a legal tender in Massachusetts, in 1656, "current for a farthing a piece, provided that no man be compelled to take above twelve at a time of them." In 1680 the town of Hingham paid its tax in milk pails.

WHYS AND WHATS.—Why is a horseman riding on the wooden pavement likely to share the fate of Charles the First? *Because* in all probability his head will be brought to the block.—*Punch.*

DEATHS POSTPONED.—In a country paper, a day or two ago, after a long list of marriages and deaths, appears the following strange notice:—"Several deaths unavoidably deferred."

EXPLANATION.—"What is the matter with Mr. Johnson's eyes?" "Why he has injured his sight by looking through *a thick-bottomed tumbler.*"

"My friend and pitcher," as the affectionate wife said when the gallant flung her husband out of the window.

DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

THESE medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Almshouses, and by more than five hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best medical colleges in the United States, and has had twenty years experience in an extensive and diversified practice, by which, he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of disease, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

This invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood Whooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can, and do attest to its usefulness—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis,) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a spitting up of phlegm or matter, and sometimes blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever, and Difficulty of breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of children, in from fifteen minutes to an hours time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it. IT NEVER HAS FAILED TO CURE ASTHMA OR RELIEVE A COUGH.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

For LIVER COMPLAINTS, GOUT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, FEVERS, NERVOUSNESS, ERYSIPELAS, and diseases of the SKIN, IMPURITY of the BLOOD, INFLAMMATIONS, MELANCHOLY, SICK HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, PAINS in the HEAD, BREAST, SIDE, BACK and LIMBS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c. &c. &c., and whenever an Alterative or Purgative Medicine may be required.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not more or less required, and much suffering and sickness might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might have been avoided by a timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic Medicines.

The proprietor can recommend these Pills with the greatest confidence, believing them far superior to the Pills in general use; more mild, more prompt, safe and uniform in their operation.

In using them no particular care is required. Persons may eat and drink as usual, if desirable, eat immediately after taking them.

Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach.

In small doses they are Alterative, and gently Laxative, but in large doses, they are actively cathartic; cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters, and producing healthy secretions of the stomach, liver and the various other organs of the body.

They may be taken at ALL TIMES and in most diseases. In INFLAMMATORY, INTERMITTENT, REMITTENT, BILIOUS, and every other form of FEVER—JAUNDICE and LIVER COMPLAINT. For DYSPEPSIA they are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. They are very valuable for diseases of the skin, and for what is commonly called "Impurity of the blood." Also for FEMALE COMPLAINTS, Costiveness, &c., and in fact every disease where an Aperient Alterative, or Purgative Medicine may be required.

☞ DYSPEPSIA POSITIVELY CAN BE CURED by a persevering use of this valuable SANATIVE, especially if the Tonic Vermifuge be used in conjunction. Price only 25 cents a box.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as worms. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected—Worms are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing convulsions, and too often death. The best remedy ever yet known is Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS; neutralizes acidity or Sourness of the Stomach, increases appetite, and acts as a general and permanent Tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Indigestion, &c., and is a certain and permanent cure for FEVER and AGUE.

It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the superabundant slime or mucus, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the beds, or nest, in which worms produce their young; and by removing it—it is impossible for worms to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is ALWAYS IMPROVED by its use even when no Worms are discovered.

But it is very far, however, from being limited in its usefulness to mere cases of WORMS, for it may also be prescribed with most decided advantage in all derangements of the STOMACH and digestive organs—general debility, dropsical swellings; FEMALE COMPLAINTS or SICK HEADACHE, flour albus, menorrhagia, &c., Piles, Dyspepsia, Weakness, loss of Appetite, &c. &c.

Price 50 cents per bottle, or $5.00 per dozen.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

For the preservation, growth, beauty and restoration of the HAIR. This Hair Tonic has produced beautiful new hair on the heads of hundreds who had been bald for years. It also purifies the head from Dandruff—Preserves the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely Gray.

It is highly recommended by thousands who have used it, and know its value.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

is a certain, safe and effectual remedy for Dysentery, Diarrhoea, or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Cholic, Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Spitting up of the food after eating, and also where it passes through the body unchanged, Want of Appetite, Restlessness and Inability to sleep, Wind in the Stomach and Bowels, Hysterics, Cramp, Nervous Tremors and Twitchings, Sea Sickness, Faintings, Melancholy and Lowness of Spirits, fretting and crying of Infants, and for all BOWEL AFFECTIONS and all NERVOUS DISEASES.

This is one of the most efficient, pleasant and safe compositions ever offered to the public for the cure of the various derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS and the only article worthy of the least confidence for curing CHOLERA INFANTUM or SUMMER COMPLAINT; and in all the above diseases it really acts like a charm.

All persons are requested to try it, for without exception it is one of the most valuable family medicines ever yet discovered. Hundreds' nay thousands of certificates have been received from Physicians, Clergymen, and families of the first respectability, bearing the strongest testimony in its favor, too numerous to publish.

Price of large bottles 50 cents, small bottles 25 cents.

Dr. D. JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS—A positive cure for FEVER and AGUE. Price $1.00.

Dr. D. JAYNE'S LIFE PRESERVATIVE—For the cure of Scrofula, Kings Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Mercurial Diseases, Polypus, &c., and has never failed, in a single instance, whenever it has been used in curing GOITRE or Bronchocele and CANCER.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

DARLINGTON, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—My little son when about two months old, was seized with a *bowel complaint.* It continued for two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint; and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked; and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure.

The same child, owing to exposure, when recently moving up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed least the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a tea spoon full of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency. Respectfully yours,
ARTHUR P. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.

From the Rev. Dr. Babcock, late President of Waterville College, Me., now of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"From intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. D. Jayne, a regular student of the Medical University of Pennsylvania, and an experienced, successful practitioner of medicine, I was prepared to appreciate the numerous testimonials in favor of his different medical preparations, much more largely than the great majority of those which are extensively eulogized. On trial of them in my own family, and some of them personally, I have more than realized these favorable anticipations. They are what they profess to be—not quack nostrums—but skilfully prepared antidotes for some of the most afflictive of human diseases. I know that they are highly esteemed, and frequently prescribed, by some of the most respectable of the regular practitioners of medicine in this city and elsewhere, and I do not hesitate to commend them as a valuable addition to our materia medica, and a safe, as well as eminently useful remedy for the diseases."
RUFUS BABCOCK, Jr. D. D.
Philadelphia, June 7, 1839.

BRIDGETON, July 19, 1839.

This may certify that I have used Doctor Jayne's Carminative Balsam very extensively in Bowel Complaints, and have not the least hesitation in declaring it superior to any preparation that I have met with, for the relief of those diseases.
WILLIAM STEELLING, M. D.
Physician to the Cumberland N. J. Almshouse.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir, I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried most of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit. Respectfully yours,
S. S. FITCH, M. D.,
No 172 Chesnut Street.

MORGANTOWN, Va. Aug 27, 1838.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir, I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast, it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried.
Very respectfully yours,
R. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

☞ *Asthma cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.*—Miss Mary Campbell, of New Haven, Fayette county, has been cured of Asthma, of more than eighteen years continuance, by the use of *Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.* She commenced taking the medicine last summer, and after using eleven bottles, was entirely rid of this distressing disease. We are assured of this cure by a lady of undoubted veracity, and requested to make it public for the benefit of others.—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register.*

We can here only add the names of a few out of the many hundreds, who have used and recommended these valuable preparations, viz:—

Rev. Dr. Going, President of Granville College, Ohio.
Professor H. K. Green, Charlestown, Mass.
Rev. G. W. Eaton and Rev. J. S. Maginnes, Professors in the Hamilton (N. Y.) Literary and Theological Institution.
Rev. C. C. Park, late of Beddonfield, N. J., Rev. Dr. Wm. Bacon, Dividing Creek, N. J.; Rev. John C. Harrison, Bordentown, N. J.; Rev. C. J. Hopkins, Bridgeton, N. J.
Rev. Ira M. Allen, N. Y.; Rev. C. C. P. Crosby, do.; Rev. John Ellis, do.; Rev. John Peck, Cazenovia, do.
Rev. J. W. Sawyer, Shaftsbury, Vt.
Rev. Arthur B. Bradford, Darlington, Pa.
Rev. Wm. Laws, Morgan Town, Va.
Rev. Wm. Lewis, Ordinary of South Carolina.
Dr. M. L. Knapp, Late Physician to the Baltimore Dyspensary.
Rev. John Hall, Ridley, Pa.; Rev. Wm. Hall, Berwick, do.
Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Providence, R. I.
Rev. A. Parker, Delaware county, Pa.
Rev. E. D. Owen, Madison, Ia.
Rev. M. J. Rhees, Wilmington, Del.
Late Rev. T. J. Kitts, Philadelphia; Rev. Joseph Rusling, do.; Nicholas Harris, Esq., do.; Mary Gill, do.; Rev. F. Ketcham, do.
Rev. James O. Rogers, Somerset Co., N. J.

ALL THE ABOVE VALUABLE MEDICINES ARE PREPARED ONLY BY DR. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA. A discount of 33⅓ per cent. will be made for cash to those who buy to sell again from the retail prices. No new agencies will be made. All letters must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

No charge for advice to any one who call at his Office—All seen without. June 17 1y